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**CONVERSION OF A HIGH PRIEST
INTO A CHRISTIAN WORKER**



FARMHOUSE, WHERE REV. M. GOLDEN WROTE HIS CONVERSION

CONVERSION OF A HIGH PRIEST INTO A CHRISTIAN WORKER

Edited and Presented by
REV. M. GOLDEN

SECOND EDITION



New York
1912

To

My own loving father, who did sow the seed of a brave Christianity in my young heart, while only eight years of age, calling me by his death-bed, on my knees, with his right hand resting upon my head, in his last words to me, saying:

"My boy, I leave you; God will be your Father, and Jesus His Son your Saviour; keep away from unholy associates, and heed not unlawful advice, but work for righteousness and help those that are in need; and we shall meet again." And his spirit went into eternity; to which destination I direct all my efforts in life.

This Book is dedicated by a grateful son,

REV. MELETIOS GOLDEN

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Conversion of a High Priest into a Practical Christian Worker

SECOND EDITION

Edited and Presented by

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New York.

1912.

PREFACE

In placing this second edition in the hands of my readers I most gratefully acknowledge the splendid assistance of my subscribers, and the kindness with which this book has been received by the General Public, who made it possible for me to accomplish my intended purpose, ever since I left home, that I should give, to the general public, an account of my conversion into a practical Christian worker, knowing that there are a great number of intelligent minds, among the priests, in the Greek-Russian and Roman Catholic churches, who would make good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and some of them might develop into heroes of Truth and Righteousness, if they could only deny themselves of the luxuries and lofty life attached to their priesthood. And this problem of selfishness is an absolute barrier not only to their own Salvation, but to many a soul, who might have been saved from sin, and be converted to God, and usefulness, but for the Priest.

The solution of the problem was the clue which aided me to escape from the labyrinth of doubt; and now, standing upon the rock of unshaken faith, I offer the clue that guided me to others.

A work of this kind is called for by the spirit of the age. Although the signs of the times are said to

be propitious, yet there are constant developments of undisciplined and unsanctified minds both in Europe and America, which furnish matter of regret to the philanthropist and the Christian; and though there are great controversies—going on at present; in relation to the man's spiritual interests, central point of all this heated contest has been the "Cross of Christ:" yet the most obnoxious obstacle in the way of progress as to the realization of "God's Kingdom on earth" it is, and from all quarters the same exclamation uttered, the priest.

Men and women entrusted with responsibilities of raising children in the Christ-like way, for the future development of this great country, will find valuable facts in this volume, which I have endeavored to write, in order to meet the exigencies among, not only certain people, but among many well-bred and well-cultured priests.

In criticising this work, the intelligent reader is respectfully requested to take into account the peculiar circumstances under which this book is written.

I was only six years old—in the English language—many miles away from any literary assistance, and fifty miles from the Boston Public Library, where I could derive many testimonies and opinions of undisputable authorities to strengthen my religious opinions and actions, which are tested in the most practical way by all conditions and under all circumstances, from the ostentatious pomp of a high priest to a loving, lowly worker in the slums of Chicago.

The place, where this book is written, is a farm

situated in the picturesque county of Worcester, and it might rightfully have attributed to the effect of the inspiring natural surroundings in this farm that I was enabled to master my views in framing them according to the linguistic requirements of the American reader, using the every day language for the historical part of my subject; and maintaining the more classical expression for the men with the tendencies to argue, just to make a show of their higher knowledge, thus trying to excuse themselves for not submitting all their powers to the Will of God.

It has been said, all misery comes to the human race mainly from two causes; firstly, through misconduct: and secondly, through misfortune: therefore; since there is the self-evident truth, in the axiom, that, when the cause is diagnosed, the remedy is near at hand, let us work unitedly to remove the cause of all misery, be it, in the Greek people, or Jewish, or Gentiles, and by the light of the Gospel's truth, let us put forth all our efforts, while here on earth, in establishing happiness and good will to all men.

REV. MELETIOS GOLDEN.

NORTH RUTLAND, Mass., 1910.

CHAPTER I

Farewell

IT was the year 1903, on a very beautiful day, one of those April days, that are well known and appreciated by those who have been fortunate enough to travel around the purple bathed Mediterranean coast, that his royal highness, the prince of Greece, Andreas, went abroad to meet his sweetheart, who afterwards became his wife and princess of Greece. It was a confidential royal talk, the betrothal of Prince Andreas, but for the newspaper man, who learns everything, and he can keep a confidential talk as much as Mrs. Green did when she promised to her husband to keep all to herself that confidential talk they had one night, and the first thing in the morning speaking to Mrs. Jones over the fence she confidentially delivered that confidential talk and in the same manner all over fences and telephones, wherever they were procurable, to save the time, the talk went round the town and came back to Mr. Green's ears, and he only blamed himself for being the fool to trust his wife. So, when Prince Andreas, came down to Piraeus, the seaport of Athens, to board on the fashionable French S. S. Messagerie-Maritime, he was surprised by the throngs of people that gathered at the pier to greet him "good luck" in his royal love affairs, because the Greeks pay more attention to the

royal love affairs, than they do in paying their royalties to fatten more highness and highnesses than any other Kingdom on the face of the earth.

The Kingdom of Greece, little more than two millions of people, pay to King George, for his annual allowances six times as much as the ninety millions of people to the President of the United States. And every creature of royal blood, in Greece, draws as high an allowance, as nearer to the throne his or her rights happen to be. Besides, many thousands of acres of the best land in Greece, is granted to the members of the royal family; thus causing the immense emigration of all these Greeks, whom you meet in every corner, in the United States, trying to make an honest living, by shining your shoes, or working in the construction of railroads in America and Mexico.

The Greek, though born and raised among the most beautiful vineyards that made the historical and famous Nectar for the Gods, yet when he leaves his home to go abroad, he takes his last glass of intoxicant, till he settles himself, in a new adopted motherland, and makes a comfortable home for the queen of his heart, because home life is the ideal of every Greek and he is a model as head of the family, in his moderate means trying to raise children to his generation and give them the best he can afford. Hopeful, that some Socrates or Demosthenes might develop out of his offspring. The Greek has never been identified with any unlawful or criminal movement of the so-called Anarchistic or Socialistic. The Greek at all

times and under all circumstances is an example as a law-abiding citizen.

Greek history is the pride of all the civilized world, and in the opinion of a most distinguished sociologist, the United States is the Greece of this age, and he thinks that it is the irresistible law of gravitation and sympathy that the tide of emigration draws the Greeks from the ancient Greece into this new and glorious Greece. And the writer was very little surprised when told that Boston is the Hub of America, or in the language of the Archaeologist, the Athens of the United States, and there and then he made his resolution to make his home in Boston, should he ever find the way clear to come to America. The joyful dream of his life has become reality, and for the last six years from his personal observations traveling a little more, perhaps, than the average American traveler, from Atlantic Ocean to Pacific Coast, he is privileged to know that the spirit of the Ancient Greece is not only confined in the Hub, but, hospitality and the love of art and beauty prevails in the very heart of every true American man and woman, even in the remotest village and hamlet, and he has yet to know the time or the place where he did not feel perfectly at home. Therefore, there is no regret on his part for bidding farewell to the land of the Gods and the city which had been the birthplace of taste, of art and beauty and eloquence. The chosen sanctuary of the Muses. The prototype of all that is graceful and dignified and grand in sentiment and action.

History and philosophy, oratory and the elements of mathematical science claim as their birthplace the city of Athens, where, Paul, the greatest apostle of Jesus Christ, uttered his immortal oration to the Athenians, on the Areopagus (Mars Hill). And he, dignified, temperate, high-minded and learned in all wisdom, of his age, Paul, confessed that he was standing in the midst of the highest civilization, both of his own age and of the ages that had elapsed.

Paul, with his face towards the north having immediately behind him the long walls which ran down to the sea, affording protection against a foreign enemy. Near the sea on the one side the harbor of Piraeus, on the other that designated Phalerum, with crowded arsenals, their busy workmen and their gallant ships. Not far off in the ocean the Island of Salamis, ennobled forever in history as the spot near which Athenian valour chastised Asiatic pride, and achieved the liberty of Greece. The Apostle turning towards his right hand to catch a view of a small but celebrated hill rising within the city near that on which he stood, called the Pnyx, where standing on a block of bare stone, Demosthenes and other distinguished orators had addressed the assembled people of Athens, swaying that arrogant and fickle democracy, and thereby making Philip of Macedon tremble, or working good or ill for the entire civilized world. Immediately before him looking upon the crowded city, studded in every part with memorials sacred to religion or patriotism, and exhibiting the highest achievements of art. On his left, somewhat

beyond the walls, the Academy, with its groves of plane and olive-trees, its retired walks and cooling fountains, its altar to the Muses, its statues of the Graces, its Temple of Minerva, and its altars to Prometheus, to Love, and Hercules, near which Plato had his country seat, and in the midst of which he had taught as well his followers after him. But the most impressive spectacle laying on his right hand, that small and precipitous hill "The Acropolis" where clustered together monuments of the highest art, and memorials of the national religion, such as no other equal spot of ground has ever borne. The Apostle's eyes, in turning to the right, would fall on the north-west side of the eminence, which was here and all round, covered and protected by a wall, parts of which were so ancient as to be of Cyclopean origin. The western side, which alone gave access to what, from its original destination, may be termed the fort, was, during the administration of Pericles, adorned with a splendid flight of steps, and the beautiful Propylaea, with its five entrances and two flanking temples, constructed by Mnesicles of Pentelican marble at a cost of 2012 talents, which is the equivalent of about four millions of American dollars. In the time of the Roman emperors there stood before the Propylaea, equestrian statues of Augustus and Agrippa. On the southern wing of the Propylaea was a temple to the Wingless Victory; on the northern, a Pinacotheca, or picture gallery. On the highest part of the platform of the Acropolis, not more than 300 feet from the entrance-buildings just described, stood and yet

stands, though shattered and mutilated, The Parthenon, justly celebrated throughout the world, erected of white Pentelican marble, under the direction of Callicrates, Ictinus and Carpion and adorned with the finest sculptures from the hand of Phidias.

Northward from the Parthenon was the Erechtheum, a compound building which contained the temple of Minerva Polias; the proper Erechtheum, called also the Cecropium, and the Pandroseum. This sanctuary contained the holy olive tree sacred to Minerva, the holy salt-spring, the ancient wooden image of Pallas, etc., and was the scene of the oldest and most venerated ceremonies and recollections of the Athenians. Perhaps, for this reason, King George of Greece, in celebrating his 25th anniversary on the Throne, he gave upon this rock of Acropolis, that remarkable banquet to all crowned visitors, 175 in number from every royal family of Europe. At this memorable event, the writer held the office of "man at arms" on the Acropolis, although he was the youngest officer in the Royal Gendarmery of Greece, at the time.

Between the Propylaea and the Erechtheum was placed the colossal bronze statue of Pallas-Promachos, the work of Phidias, which towered so high above the other buildings, that the plume of her helmet and the point of her spear were visible on the sea between Sunium and Athens. Moreover, the Acropolis was occupied by so great a crowd of statues and monuments, that the account, as found in Pausanias, excites the reader's wonder, and makes it difficult for

him to understand how so much could have been crowded into a space which extended from the south-east only 1150 feet, whilst its greatest breadth did not exceed 500 feet.

On the hill itself where Paul stood, was the temple of Furies, and in the court house of Areopagus, there was the altar to Athene Areia.

In all historical probability, Paul, stood exactly on this place when, "to the unknown God" as his text, he delivered the understanding of "The True and Living God," who made the world and all things therein, and he made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth.

The writer, consequently, in bidding farewell to his beloved Athens, he knew that he was going as a brother among members of the same family of humanity in a land where man is free to worship God, not in hypocrisy and deceit, but in Spirit and in truth.

On the same beautiful April day that Prince Andreas was going abroad, the writer went aboard on the same S. S. *Messengerie-Maritime*, unaware of H. R. H.'s presence there, notified only at the last moment by the agent of the company, Mr. Christopher of Piraeus, who was on board himself going to Italy on a business trip. Mr. Christopher, by being a member of the same fellowcraft in which the writer was the Grand Chaplain, he took pains to secure a very comfortable stateroom for his brother Chaplain.

Now I was following Mr. Christopher and an officer of the S. S. to locate myself in the suite provided for me, and as we were obliged to pass through

the reception hall there I found myself face to face with the King George, and the following dialogue occurs.

King—Where are you going, Father?

I—On a recreation trip, Your Majesty. (I should have said, on a reformation trip.)

King—I hope you will have a bon voyage.

I—Your Majesty's wish, God grant it to be so, and I pray that His Favour shall crown with joy, all the desires of H. R. H.'s, the Prince, in his journey.

King—With your prayers, Father, I believe H. R. H. will be well successful.

And with one of his well known diplomatic smiles that contain manifold meanings; King George, bid us farewell, and in a few moments the big whistle blew and a gentle vibration of the boat gave the notice that we were on the move. I went into my cabin and looking through the hole that was doing duty of a round window, I beheld the monument of Themistocles passing slowly, and when I could see that no more, I felt something melting in my heart and overflowing coming up into my eyes in the shape of two drops of burning water. I took them on the tips of my fingers and after kissing them with all the tenderness of a loving heart, I sprinkled them into the apeiron, farewell to my loved ones left behind me, while the big S. S. in full steam was now carrying me faster and faster into the unknown and uncertain.

I did not leave my cabin and there took my meals for two reasons; first, H. R. H. expressed the wish

to take his meals at the regular first-class dining table, with all the mortals therein, and I had little desire to meet him anyway; and second because I wanted to be alone to indulge undisturbed in my thoughts and study them and keep notes of them for my future use.

The history tells us that it took thirty years for the greatest philosopher that was ever born to give his definite opinion as to the immortality of the soul. And if a philosopher like Socrates, after thirty years of constant study, he knew one thing, that he knew nothing, it is absurd to dare say that we shall ever know more than Socrates did, and in regard to the most perplexed problem of the human soul we can only rejoice in the fact that we are placed in a more advanced position above Socrates, that we can look upon these problems with more light, and that is the light that comes from Galilee.

Alone as I was in my cabin I thought of Socrates, I thought of Confucius, of Buddha, and in fact I thought of the many ancient and modern leaders of great movements, and of new thoughts, my admiration is insistent to everything that is noble and pure in sentiment and praxis, but there is only one leader, whom my spirit admires the best and I worship him with love and devotion, the man who gave his life for me. I knew I was free through his death and I was happy. The Hierarchical church was opposing me unreasonably; my own dearest and nearest relatives did not understand me, their strongest argument being, how could I sacrifice such a high office and

deny a promising greater future and still be in my right mind?

Not being satisfied in my own heart, much less convinced in my mind, I made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, in order to find out whether Jesus was the only Saviour of mankind without the necessity of a priest. It was then and there, while kneeling on my knees upon that rock of Golgotha that came to me with startling force and clearness that I must be a follower of Jesus Christ and not a representative. All men may live on the Christ-like way and be happy, but the man who dares personify himself with the authorities belonging only to Jesus, that man must be a faker; "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends" and I knew Jesus was my friend, the only friend left to me, while every other friend had forsaken me. In that little cabin I felt his companionship, and looking at the clock on the dresser I beheld in the mirror a pleasant face smiling at me. The hour was nearly midnight and I retired, singing "He promised never to leave me alone."

The voyage from Piraeus to Naples is said to be the best and grandest in Mediterranean, and in company of a royal fellow traveller might have been interesting even to the most eccentric Yankee, but to me it was a monotonous event, and the second evening while I was walking for some exercise on the deck, H. R. H. came up to me graciously expressing his regrets for not seeing me at the table, and inquiring if I was not feeling well, but he soon noticed my

laconical way in excusing my absence, and he withdrew, leaving me alone in my admiration of a grand view on a moonlighted nature in the Mediterranean. And the only thought occupying my mind was; how soon could I get to America? For this reason perhaps, I decided to take steamship for New York at Naples, Italy, instead of going to Marseilles, chief seaport of France on the Mediterranean, thus forfeiting my rights on S. S. Messagerie-Maritime, that had been paid from Piraeus to Marseilles.

Happily, Mr. Christopher was also representing the S. S. Co., of Fabre Line, and the S. S. Germania of the same company was scheduled to depart from the harbor of Naples in a few days. It certainly was a pleasure and an opportunity of which we took advantage to visit the most interesting places in and around Naples, the city of far famous and at the same time notorious, for there the stranger notices, in every step, the beauty of Italian art and the Neapolitan filth combined in the most peculiar texture.

Making good use of the little time which we had at our disposal, we took the train and went up to see the City in which the Pope entombed himself a living mummy rather than to co-operate with the civilized world in building God's Kingdom on earth.

In looking over my memorandums I have just discovered a description that I kept about the Eternal City. The historical facts therein are supported by undisputable authority. And I think it apropos beneficial to my readers, if it will be placed at their hands before the closing of this chapter.

On the river Tiber, about fifteen miles from its mouth in the plain of what is now called the Campagna, stands the famous capital of the Western World, and the present residence of the Pope, the City of Rome. The surrounding country is not a plain, but a sort of undulating table-land, crossed by hills, while it sinks towards the southwest to the marshes of Maremma, which coast the Mediterranean. In ancient geography the country, in the midst of which Rome lay, was termed Latium, which, in the earliest times, comprised within a space of about four geographical square miles the country lying between the Tiber and the Numisius, extending from the Alban Hills to the sea, having for its chief city Laurentum. Here, on the Palatine Hill, was the city of Rome founded by Romulus and Remus, grandsons of Numitor, and sons of Rhea Sylvia, to whom, as the originators of the city, mythology ascribed a divine parentage. The origin of the term Rome is in dispute. Some derive it from the Greek Romee, "strength," considering that this name was given to the place as been a fortress. Cicero says the name was taken from that of its founder Romulus. At first the city had three gates, according to a secret usage. Founded on the Palatine Hill, it extended, by degrees, so as to take in six other hills at the foot of which ran deep valleys that in early times were in part overflowed with water, while the hill-sides were covered with trees. In the course of the many years during which Rome was acquiring to herself the empire of the world, the city underwent great, numerous,

and important changes. Under its first kings it must have presented a very different aspect from what it did after it had been beautified by Tarquin. The destruction of the city by the Gauls caused a thorough alteration in it: nor could the troubled times which ensued have been favourable to its being well restored. It was not till riches and artistic skill came into the city on the conquest of Philip of Macedon, and Antiochus of Syria, that there arose in Rome large handsome stone houses. The capture of Corinth conduced much to the adorning of the city: many fine specimens of art being transferred from thence to the abode of the conquerors. And so, as the power of Rome extended over the world, and her chief citizens went into the colonies to enrich themselves, did the masterpieces of Grecian art flow towards the capital, together with some of the taste and skill to which they owed their birth. Augustus, however, it was, who did most for embellishing the capital of the world, though there may be some sacrifice of truth in the pointed saying, that he found Rome built of brick, and left it marble. Subsequent emperors followed his example, till the place became the greatest repository of architectural, pictorial, and sculptural skill, that the world has ever seen: a result to which even Nero's incendiarism indirectly conduced, as affording an occasion for the city's being rebuilt under the higher scientific influences of the times. The site occupied by modern Rome is not precisely the same as that which was at any period covered by the ancient city: the change of locality

being towards the north-west, the city has partially retired from the celebrated hills. About two-thirds of the area within the walls, traced by Aurelian, are now desolate, consisting of ruins, gardens, and fields, with some churches, convents, and other scattered habitations. Originally the city was a square mile in area. In the time of Pliny the walls were nearly twenty miles in circuit: now they are from fourteen to fifteen miles round. Its original gates, three in number, had increased in the time of the elder Pliny to thirty-seven. Modern Rome has sixteen gates, some of which are, however, built up. Thirty-one great roads centered in Rome, which, issuing from the Forum, traversed Italy, ran through the provinces, and were terminated only by the boundary of the empire. As a starting point a gilt pillar (*Milliarium Aureum*) was set up by Augustus in the middle of the Forum. This curious monument, from which distances were reckoned, was discovered in 1823. Eight principal bridges led over the Tiber: of these three are still relics. The four districts into which Rome was divided in early times, Augustus increased to fourteen. Large open spaces were set apart in the city, called *Campi*, for assemblies of the people and martial exercises, as well as for games. Of nineteen which are mentioned, the *Campus Martius* was the principal. It was near the Tiber, whence it was called *Tiberinus*. The epithet *Martius* was derived from the plain being consecrated to Mars, the god of war. In the later ages it was surrounded by several magnificent structures, and porticoes were

erected, under which, in bad weather, the citizens could go through their usual exercises. It was also adorned with statues and arches. The name of *Fora* was given to places where the people assembled for the transaction of business. The *Fora* were of two kinds—*fora venalia*, “markets,” and *fora civilia*, “law courts, etc.”

Until the time of Julius Cæsar there was but one of the latter kind, termed by way of distinction *Forum Romanum*, or simply *Forum*. It lay between the *Capitoline* and *Palatine Hills*: it was eight hundred feet wide, and adorned on all sides with porticoes, shops, and other edifices, on the erection of which large sums had been expended, and the appearance of which was very imposing, especially as it was much enhanced by numerous statues. In the centre of the *Forum* was the plain called the *Curtian Lake*, where *Curtius* is said to have cast himself into a chasm or gulf, which closed on him, and so he saved his country. On one side were the elevated seats or *suggestus*, a sort of pulpits from which magistrates and orators addressed the people, usually called *Rostra*, because adorned with the beaks of ships which had been taken in a sea-fight from the inhabitants of *Antium*.

Near by was the part of the *Forum* called the *Comitium*, where were held the assemblies of the people called *Comitia Curiata*. The celebrated temple, bearing the name of *Capitol*, of which there remain only a few vestiges, stood on the *Capitoline Hill*, the highest of the seven: it was square in form, each side

extending about two hundred feet, and the ascent to it was by a flight of one hundred steps. It was one of the oldest, largest, and grandest edifices in the city. Founded by Tarquinius Priscus, it was at several times enlarged and embellished. Its gates were of brass, and it was adorned with costly gildings: whence it is termed "golden" and "glittering," *aurea*, *fulgens*. It enclosed three structures, the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus in the centre, the temple of Minerva on the right, and the temple of Juno on the left. The Capitol also included some minor temples or chapels, and the Casa Romuly, or Romulus, covered with straw. Near the ascent to the Capitol was the asylum (Cities of refuge). We also mention the Basilicæ, since some of them were afterwards turned to the purposes of Christian worship. They were originally buildings of great splendour, being appropriated to meetings of the senate, and to judicial purposes. Here counsellors received their clients, and bankers transacted their business. The earliest churches, bearing the name of Basilicæ, were erected under Constantine the Great. He gave his own palace on the Caelian Hill as a site for a Christian temple. Next in antiquity was the church of St. Peter, on the Vatican Hill, built A.D. 324, on the site and with the ruins of temples consecrated to Apollo and Mars. It stood about twelve centuries, at the end of which it was superseded by the modern church bearing the same name.

The Cirei were buildings oblong in shape, used for public games, races, and beast-fights. The Theatra

were edifices designed for dramatic exhibitions: the Amphitheatra (double theatres, buildings in an oval form) served for gladiatorial shows and the fighting of wild animals. That which was erected by the Emperor Titus, and of which there still exists a splendid ruin, was called the Coliseum, from a colossal statue of Nero that stood near it. With an excess of luxury, perfumed liquids were conveyed in secret tubes round these immense structures, and diffused over the spectators, sometimes from the statues which adorned the interior. In the arena which formed the centre of the amphitheatres, the early Christians often endured martyrdom by being exposed to ravenous beasts.

In modern Rome there are various things to excite the curiosity of the stranger, but in my observations I could only see four elements predominating above everything, monks, nuns, priests and beggars. They form a continued procession all day long of the most spectacular carnival that could be seen in any of the Babylons of the world.

And now while in Rome, we might ask the question: Who founded the church at Rome? The question is equally interesting, if not important to the Protestant and to Catholic. The Romish church assigns the honour to Peter, and on this grounds an argument in favour of the claims of the Papacy. But strict search in and about all the obtainable sources of knowledge, it does give no sufficient reason for believing that Peter was ever even so much as within the walls of Rome. Thus, by all inspired documents

there is one title clear left to Pope and his scheme, "unaccountable falsifier." As an ordained High Priest in the Greek Orthodox Church, I have been for many years studied in this particular subject. The Libraries in Mount Athos gave me all the opportunities that the high and exalted position, which I held, could afford, to find the truth concerning the claims of the Pope. The Fathers of the Church, Basil the Great, Gregory the Theologian, John Chrysostomus, and all the host of Ecclesiastical authorities agree unanimously that the Lord Jesus never intended to concede any right of supremacy, to Peter, over the other apostles. Otherwise He (Jesus) would never have said those wonderful words (Matt. 20, 25, etc.), and Peter himself disclaiming the assertions of the Papacy (Pet. 1, 5, 3, etc.). And it is certain that there is no instance on record of the apostle's (Peter) having ever claimed or exercised this supposed power, but on the contrary, he is oftener than once represented as submitting to an exercise of power upon the part of others, as when, for instance, he went forth as a messenger from the apostles assembled in Jerusalem to the Christians in Samaria, and when he received a rebuke from Paul. Now as a matter of fact, if Peter was ever Great, that was, when he repented for denying his Master. Repentance, therefore, is the only hope left for the Pope, if he ever expects to hear the blessed voice "Feed my sheep."

In these days of enlightenment and progress, while humane feelings are taking the place of spite and hatred among the civilized nations, and religious

prejudice is giving way to good will and tolerance, Rome is, from the Vatican point of view, the stumbling-block of every honest effort in the purification of the individual heart and the uplifting of the millions of souls that are downtrodden under the sandals of hyenical monks. When the Pope, a few months ago, rejected Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Fairbanks, two models of manhood and virtue, he made it clear to the world that he is suffering incurably, from barbaritis, and that his case is hopeless. But, it is to be hoped that as Rome is already regenerated politically and socially, so, we pray that in not far distant day, Rome, shall also be regenerated spiritually.

In the meantime we shall continue our journey, and now we hurry back to take the S. S. Germania from Naples to New York. And when I was well located on board, I kissed good-bye to my friend and brother Christopher, thanking him for his assistance and bidding to the old world FAREWELL! FAREWELL!

CHAPTER II

Arrival

SUNDAY morning the 16th of May, 1903, the very handsome S. S. Germania, cast anchor in the docks of Brooklyn. Indeed, there is no particular significance in a steamship arriving in the harbor of Brooklyn and New York, for they come by hundreds from all parts of the world, every day in the week and many of them every Sunday of the year. It is for the diligent observer that there are more lessons to be drawn from a day passed along the Brooklyn bridge than there are in the most exclusive circles of the 400. And if I am allowed¹ to make any comparison at all I should put it in the following short sentences. The former lessons would be of a heart from which all arteries transport the necessary elements to keep up undiminished the vitality of this great cosmopolitan body, while the latter uncontrovertibly is only a part of the body, and unfortunately it is the stomach that consumes lavishly even to the core all that the whole body can produce. Yet to an every day passer-by neither when he travels across the Brooklyn bridge rubbing elbows with the scores of the masses of humanity that hasten their way unconsiderate by nobody, nor when in his big red or yellow automobile hurrying up Fifth Avenue



REV. M. GOLDEN
In His Street Attire as High Priest

he is planning in his mind a new scheme how to make more money, or he is the heir of riches untold and many millions are waiting for him to be scattered in all winds, his social standard to keep up and his neighbor's honor to bring down and as a rule to accomplish his own destruction, the time is of no value unless there is some profit in it for the only scope in his life is self gratification.

The S. S. *Germania* in splendor and commodities could proudly be called the *Mauretania* or *Lucetania* of the Fabre Line, a very commendable company judging from the good officials and desirable attendants we had on board the *Germania*. Her arrival at the present voyage had exceptional significance, and if every S. S. which arrives this side of the ocean had parallel instances it would be only a matter of time when all the legislators which are engaged in making the emigration laws would find themselves out of business, because the Kingdom of God that knows no divisions and no distinctions of nations and races should soon be established to make a heaven on earth and there it would be one Lord—one faith—one baptism for all human races, and all men could then move in the different parts of the world without any credentials and they could be welcome everywhere as members of the same family do when they live within the boundaries of love.

Since the invention of Logos in the art of making history, worth reading, through the ages the historian derives his intelligence from all sources apt to contribute to his object and unsparingly he treats

zoology, botany and all kingdoms ending in some kind of y, just to serve his purpose successfully. And the writers of the Scriptures are not exempted to this rule, inspired as it were, they mentioned almost every known and unknown animal which our forefather Noah saved in his Ark, and if the ass plays so an important part in the Book of books, Germania surely is entitled to some consideration in the history of my conversion.

It will be impossible for me to even attempt to skiagraph all that took place on board the Germania from the time we left Naples of sunny Italy till we arrived in the docks of Brooklyn, eleven and one-half days' voyage with only a short stop at Gibraltar, that fortified rock for which Great Britain is ready to play all her power just to maintain that dry and ungraceful rock, but, the key of two seas, and in Azores Islands to exchange mail, our journey was a never to be forgotten continual holiday.

One odd incident that kept our merriment all these days, was the symptomatical number thirteen. The S. S. Germania was carrying on board several hundred emigrants, mostly from sunny Italy, they were representing all conditions and descriptions coming to America to make their fortune, which but a few exceptions is a sweet hope into every emigrant's heart and though often proves to them that it was only a dream, and there are millions of emigrants all over this land who after many years of hard work they are still struggling for a mere existence, yet they come and they shall continue to come

for it is the rule of the universe; they simply cannot resist the law that governs and moves the Sympan. And the S. S. Germania was well occupied in its various compartments, but there were only ten of us voyagers in the reserved first cabins, and at meal time with the first Captain at the head of the table and one Commissioner representing the Government and the first physician of the boat then we made up the number 13; and though I am not a superstitious person I was the first one to call the attention to that fact, and there the fun began. The fellow voyagers insisting that should any danger of tempestuous and stormy gale threaten their safety they had to cast lots to know for whose cause the evil came, and as I was the only representative of the religious sentiment, in all probability I had to undergo the same experience as Jonah had, yet our fears did not even approach any realization but instead as it was desirable to all on board we enjoyed a very pleasant voyage all the way and the Captain himself unreservedly with his boyish cheerfulness expressed his gratification for all that came out so perfectly satisfactory. And the Captain being desirous to commemorate the agreeable event he gave the night before our arrival at Brooklyn a unique banquet in the big reception hall with various symbolical decorations in honor to his excellency the number 13. And to make the event more memorable the Captain himself went around the boat visiting all the emigrants and selecting 13 of the most musical Italian boys and girls with their harps, mandolins and tambourines, a perfect

stringed band, and while our merriment was in its zenith he conducted them on the upper deck where the reception hall was located into the adjoining room and without warning we began to hear the waves vibrating through the walls into our hall and soon our ears were filled with divine melodies. They were playing *Tosca*, Puccini's most inspired composition and the translation of these people behind the walls it really contained that pathos which all artists agree, yet unable to explain how so many children of sunny Italy became world-wide famous for the embodiment of that musical and harmonious pathos of which *Tosca* is the favorite piece of the greatest living tenor Caruso.

In an unfortunate event that occurred to me some time ago I lost the names of my fellow voyagers on that memorable trip on the *Germania*, yet I can well recollect that there were two American newly-wedded couples from the western cities, just returning home from their extensive honeymoon trip abroad, and there was a gentleman, very refined and well cultured in literature whom we called, the Athenian, as he hailed from Boston, which in the language of all foreigners is the Athens of the United States, and there was the Jew merchant from Chicago, and another gentleman, an Italian professor, who was going to occupy an exalted position in one of the Roman Catholic Institutions in New Orleans, and to our delight there was Miss Maria, the only beloved daughter of Dr. Achilles Rose of New York. Dr. Rose is not only a very prominent practitioner as a

physician in New York, but he is acknowledged as an eminent authority by the most exclusive Academies of Europe concerning medical matters, as well as a great linguist in the ancient and modern languages, and a number of publications contributed to the scientific research are the monuments of his convincing penmanship. His daughter had just finished a long course in the best college "Arsakeion" exclusive institution for girls in Athens, Greece; and she was well qualified to teach the Ancient and Modern Greek language as well as any professor in the American colleges and universities. I had to go carefully myself in order to keep pace with her in the exactness of pronunciation of the Greek words, and when listening to her telling some of the joyful experiences she experienced in learning this wonderful Greek language I felt like a Sunday school scholar impressed by her rhythmical and melodious harmony in pronouncing every word and sentence that sound like the old Greek music which even Apollo himself would be glad to listen to.

With Miss Maria Rose there was Miss Margaret, a tall slender figure with every characteristic of a genuine Kentucky girl, a very respectable maiden, she was caressing for Miss Maria Rose with motherly tenderness, she was the playmate and constant companion of Miss Maria now passing the bridge of her teens; yet Miss Margaret could not tolerate seeing her leaning on the rails of the Germania, she appeared presumably afraid that some terrible whale might swallow her little Maria whom she loved as

much as a mother could love her own child, a pleasure which she never had, to know and to love a child of her own, and Maria appeared to appreciate the kindness of her governess.

Now to make up the list of the ten voyagers there was also your obedient servant, coming over to America to study religious, social and industrial conditions. An account of his reasons for taking this step shall be given later on. At this time I must proceed to complete my acquaintances on board the *Germania*. From the first day on board I find myself in very friendly terms with every one of my fellow voyagers, and before I knew it I was the father of them all. As a High Priest dressed in my church garbs, they just pasted in front of my name the monkish title, Father, which I never accustomed myself though my official church name consists of about a half a dozen titles.

The Captain of the *Germania*, a typical French gentleman very agreeable in all his ways, with my little French enabled me to make myself understood. I had the pleasure of passing many a moment in pleasant conversation with him, and when I wanted to speak to the Americans, my heart was longing to learn all I could from them, as they were so kind to me, and with Miss Maria's assistance I never went lonesome, her acting as interpreter between me and the Americans, for by that time I was not able to even pronounce correctly a sentence in the English language.

With all these acquaintances my time was well

occupied and to my personal delight, by chance, I found my constant companion in the person of Dr. Lucretius, the first physician of the Germania, an Italian gentleman. By tokens and signs we found that both of us belong to that great body of men that knows each other as brothers in every corner of the inhabited world. It was he, Dr. Lucretius, who came to my cabin on the morning of the 16th of May, at about 5 a. m., and knocking at the door, said, Father Golden, we are now entering into the harbor of New York, and if you want to enjoy a grand view of the surrounding country you had better come out on the upper bridge. I shall be there waiting for you to explain some of the most beautiful sceneries that you have ever looked upon in your life. And he was correct, without any exaggeration, for when I leaped from my bed and dressed myself as fast as I could I went to meet my friend and brother, Dr. Lucretius.

Rushing up to the bridge I greeted him "Bon-jorno, mio fratello" shaking his hand at the same time, almost I cried out, this certainly is an artificial imitation of the entrance to Bosphorus, and if it were not for that great statue and mausoleum of Liberty, which I could see ahead of me, I would surely believe that I was dreaming, it is like entering the harbor of Constantinople, and just at this point, looking into the face of my esteemed friend, Dr. Lucretius, I said to him; let us hope that the day is not far distant when we shall salute the God-giving Liberty in the heart of the great city of Constantinople. That was six years ago and every word I said it came out of

my mouth as a prayer of my heart in all my sincerity. Today I do thank God for it is a reality. Turkey is free! But she is like a child; she needs the guidance of a strong hand to guide her in the path of righteousness and love to God and bring her to Christ who is the only one to give Liberty and Freedom "For whom He made free, is free indeed." Turkey has accomplished the greatest part of her own salvation, yea, she has done more than many of the so-called Christian empires expected her to do. They are now rubbing their eyes, and of course it is their purpose in order to save their commercial interests, they are going to put in her way all the obstacles they can to overthrow the new Constitution, and if Turkey fails in her reformation this time, it would not be only her own fault. A great share of the responsibility rests upon the shoulders of every American man and woman who solemnly declares to stand by and be a protector of the principles laid down by Washington, the father not only of his own country, but most of the civilized world. Unless America arises equal to the occasion there is every reason to entertain all kinds of fears from the Middle and Western Europe's diplomats.

How many American active missionaries are there in Constantinople, Smyrna, Aidin, Saloniki, Adana, Ephesos and every city in Turkey today working for the regeneration of the people who dared and successfully broke down from his throne a Sultan? Wake up, my dear reader and gird yourself with the noble armor of your manhood and your womanhood

and do the best, the very best of your ability to help the millions of mothers and children over in Turkey, they are starving for spiritual food, they are crying to you as your own brothers and sisters of the same family of humanity; will you close your ears and not listen to their cry? or will you open your heart, your sympathy and your pocket-book and send off all the missionaries you can to do the work? I pray that you will, and God will reward you in Heaven and down here He will keep the days of your life sweet in splendid memory that you have done your part in the salvation of all mankind.

The opportunity may occur again to discourse this very heart aching subject. Now, as we approach the colossus of Liberty, Miss Maria Rose made her morning appearance and before we all could exchange the "Bon Jour" salutations to her, she gracefully grasped the gentleman from Boston by the arm and walking up and down the bridge with soldierly step, began in an apparently joyful voice to sing, audibly "My Country 'tis of thee, sweet land of Liberty" and just as she was getting more enthusiastic in her song, the gentleman from Boston uttered a loud cry "Strawberries—fresh strawberries," and as by explosion a heartiest laughter went out of every mouth on the bridge, and the waves received on their wings that expression of our gratitude to carry it to the end of their destination, while the Germania drew us nearer and nearer to the land of the free and the home of the brave.

A call came to us all at this moment that the

custom officers from New York were already in the reception room waiting for us to make our declarations in accordance with the customary law, and by the time I had complied with my duties, to that respect, I heard a stentorian voice "Cast Anchor" and turning around in a semi-circle, with center on my right toe I endeavored to unfold the meaning of the exciting motion. Sailors and officers of the boat rushing in all directions, it seemed as though they were preparing for a great battle, and determined to win. The big S. S. *Germania* was tied in the docks of Brooklyn and every voyager was ready to bid her farewell. The steward of my cabin, uncalled, he was on my side, and the thought came to me that it was his last chance for his gratuities from me anyway. He looked upon my face like a child expecting his Christmas presents, and said, with a fainting smile, Father, your trunk is on its way to your destination and here is your valise and I am awaiting your pleasure to direct you to the Sixth Avenue Elevated Station, which will take you to the 123rd Street and Seventh Avenue, Harlem, according to your wishes to reach your dwelling place. The bell of the *Germania* was ringing eight o'clock a.m., when I was bidding farewell to my steward with the instructions how to reach the Elevated Station, and turning to the first corner from the docks of Brooklyn, a familiar voice I heard behind me calling "Father," and instantly a hand took hold of the sleeve of my garment, and looking backward I saw Miss Maria Rose with her governess, Margaret, and the gentleman

from Boston, who was still holding my garment, and in good humor said, he, in his broken French, "Now Father, we could not tolerate to see you go all alone in the streets of New York dressed in these robes, because if you only attract the curiosity of some mischievous children there is no telling what may happen to you, if they mistake you as a carnival dressed this way just for sport; but, Miss Maria Rose, hastened to aid, interrupting the gentleman, Father, you have good luck, today is Sunday and early in the morning you will be saved from great things which might happen to you otherwise. Besides we are going as far as 59th Street and the gentleman from Boston, he is going to take the train at 125th Street, Harlem, and there you will be within a few blocks from the house you desire to go to.

They bought the ticket for me and soon the Elevated was crossing the Brooklyn bridge. The grand panorama on both sides of the bridge brought the thought into my mind that if the architects of America were able to accomplish such a wonder as this, they would certainly have easier times to build the Babel Tower without any confusion of tongues; but my breath went out of my breast and for a moment I thought that the beating of my heart stopped, when we reached that curving at 110th Street and 8th Avenue, New York. The magnificent sight from that tremendous height, looking to my left at the mammoth advertising boards, the velvety green fields and at the top of the hill that Episcopal church, which will be when finished another architec-

tural wonder, and looking to my right at the Central Park which we just swiftly passed, now I see the flat roofs of the buildings and on many of them the washing of the family hanging, forgotten perhaps, from last Saturday, it is indeed a grand sight which the inhabitants of New York in that section, by being accustomed to it, very little appreciate.

9.30, my friend from Boston, said, as we were descending the stairways on the 125th Street and 8th Avenue, as he looked at his time-piece. If it were not for my train which I must take at 9.58 I would gladly accompany you to your place, yet, said he, you only have two blocks to walk southward and one eastward and you will see the number on the left hand side, and with a cordial hand shake he jumped on the electric car passing at the moment on 125th Street towards New York-Boston R. R. station, to board his train, and I started on my way to the place where I was going to make my temporary home.

CHAPTER III

First Day in New York

IT is not my purpose in this little volume to make any boast of myself as an historian. Book-making is not my profession; neither do I propose to go into extensive details more than it is necessary to harmonize the coincidents of events as they occurred and the effect they produced in the development of an unusual Christian career, and God knows that my only desire is to reconcile the opposing privileges of a meek and lowly Christian worker, to be equal if not greater to those of a High Priest who in his fulness of life though one of the most active ecclesiastical officials in the highest circles of church and society, his firm belief in success, knowing of no fear, and daringly climbing up in higher ranks among philosophical societies, holding such an exalted position in the most ancient Christian church. The church that holds the undisputable proof as the first authentical apostolic establishment with founder the apostle of the Gentiles himself. And who is the student of the Scriptures, be he a Christian or philosopher of the Epicurean or the Stoic system that could reasonably argue that the oration on the Areopagus made by Paul to the Athenians being the masterpiece and model of the most convincing

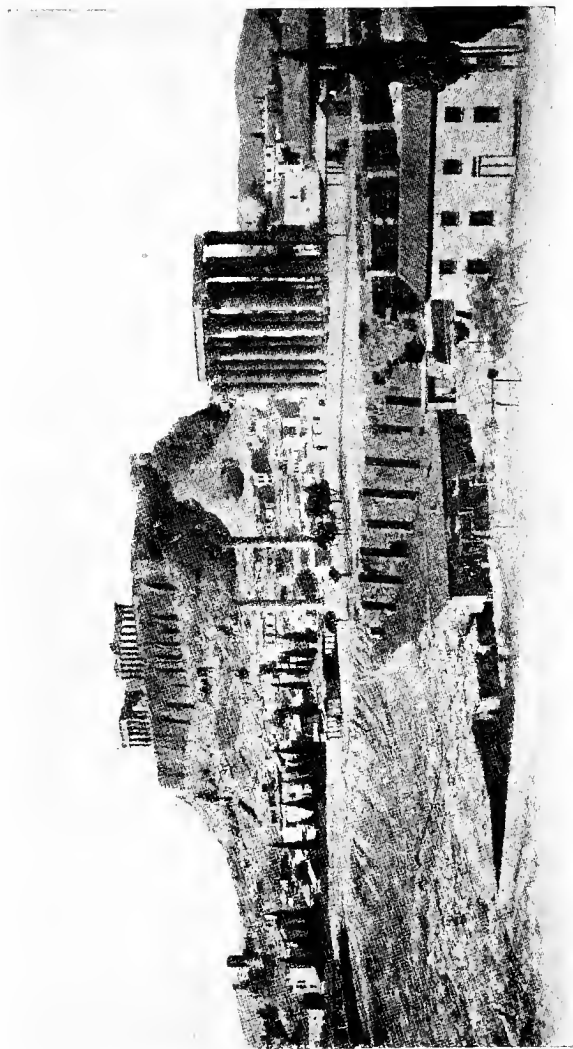
speeches ever made in the Christian era? That this High Priest, while enjoying all the comforts and privileges belonging to his high office, together with its honors and gorgeous trappings, does not attach any over-weening importance to ecclesiastical dignity, neither does he consider a "comedown" the step he has taken, but he gives the simple, yet convincing reason that he just follows the process of evolution in Christianity, doing the will of his Master who promised to all mankind one Lord—one Faith—one Baptism. And for the last six years he has proven that it is possible for a man to begin from the very bottom of life, his nearest and dearest relatives opposing him, with no friends to understand his desires and his ambitions, to be a wanderer in a great country like the United States, and travel from the Atlantic Coast to the Pacific Ocean, proud to always be able to support himself and also help someone on his way. Exercising the principle of the Apostle Paul, working hard for his living, stranger not only to the ethics and customs of the people whose sympathetic hearts he was coming to win, but unable to even put two sentences together in their own language, and today here he is to tell you the story, as true as your beautiful breath that keeps your soul and body alive, and the only favor he asks from you is that when you severely criticise the grammatical and syntactical side in the execution of this work, you may in your kindness, remember that his only resource to derive any philological assistance, was a twenty-five cent Webster's dictionary, bought from a second-hand book store.

This is my first day in New York. And looking around to find the number of the house where I was going to stay, my thoughts were so animated as to feel that all the arteries and veins of my body through my feet were kissing the ground upon which my heart would soon appease with its Maker.

A few people, going to the Low Mass, I should judge by the solemnity of their walk, men and women, sent curious glances at the stranger dressed in the robes on the street. By this time approaching the 7th Avenue and not finding the desired number I was just directing my steps towards a gentleman dressed in some kind of uniform to inquire about the place, when a young man tipped his hat in front of me and raised the finger of his right hand and pointed to the sign of the florist's store just a few steps backwards. I could then plainly read the name on the board above the door. It was the name very dear to me, which, with longing heart I was looking for. Almost immediately a man came out from that same store with a broad smile on his face and with a gentle bow, as though asking my permission, he took my valise thus relieving me just in time, and leading the way into the store I saw another gentleman behind a counter preparing a large floral design from the rarest flowers of the season, for the funeral of a most distinguished politician of Harlem.

Although I yield to no man in the appreciation of a good smiling face and here I had two of them and the most typical faces which are prominent in the making of this heterogeneous republic, John, repre-

senting the Huguenot and Dutch, and Jack whose father and mother were Irish, and Jack was Irish too. Both these gentlemen with pantomimic actions in a few words which now I know were English words but at that time I could not tell if they were Chinese or Hindoo. They tried to make me understand that Mr. George N., whom they knew I was looking for, as they had heard him speaking of me and they saw my photograph, and they were waiting notification of my coming, and that they were struck by ecstasy at my sudden appearance, he was at breakfast and that he would soon be back so I had better step into his office and rest myself while waiting for him. The expectancy to meet my friend George N., it lengthened every moment for me waiting in that little office. Twenty-four years since I saw him last when I was only ten years old, and even if I had not seen his photograph in all these years I could distinguish him among ten thousand. He was my first teacher in the grammar school; neighbor in my home and a very great distant relative. He always took especial interest in my scholarship. My childhood and school days were not all that I could desire for me, to be, for I was an orphan, yet it was that orphan who always carried the first or the second honors in the annual examinations. It was for this reason, perhaps, that my teachers were all well pleased with my progress. The past is only a memory, yet when we look back in the light of our sincerity we can trace every point and every reason that contributed to our success or failure in our lives. It is not a vision neither is there a



THE WORLD'S WONDER, ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS, GREECE

mere kinetoscope procession. The High Priest is here waiting to meet his teacher with the same solemnity as in the old school days when he had to meet his teacher after some of his occasional mischiefs. With these and other agreeable memories relishing my time in that office, I heard a loud applause in the store and the words "Father is here," aroused my inquisitiveness and before I could leave my chair, there was at the door of the office standing the man whom I wanted to see. Sturdy and resolute with two slow steps he now extends a welcome hand to me and as he called me by my childish nickname in response said, I, my teacher! Yes, said he, How do you do my Father? Why didn't you let me know when you were coming so I could meet you at the pier; How long have you been wandering to find this place? And many other complimentaries, but, you must, he went on saying, change your appearance at once, for I am not going to disgrace myself and you too, if we dare to walk on the streets with you dressed in robes like this. Let us go up stairs in my room, and I believe you can be fitted with a new suit of clothes made to order for me which I was ready to try on today, as the tailor just sent them here a little while ago. Then you must have a very clean shave, my goodness, there is a whole mask to come off your face and the long black hair you have, you can make some money by selling it to any fashionable lady. Now, Father, you have to hurry, because the barber shop closes at 12 o'clock and you only have the necessary time to change your dress.

The clothes which George N. offered for my transfiguration with the exception of being made for a man one inch taller than my own stature they didn't look very awkward upon me and to escape curiosity he took me through the alleys of a narrow passage into the 124th Street, where an elderly German kept a barber shop and when he was through cleaning that over burdened head of mine, he was almost exhausted, and liable to a fine, if any policeman happened to see him working on Sunday after 12 o'clock. The barber closed the door of his shop allowing time for us to just step out and we hastened our way back to the store, now walking on 7th Avenue. Jack, whose name already is mentioned here, is one of the leading flower decorators in New York City. He could make a cross of flowers look like a picture, and he could make a bouquet for the most particular bride, he could decorate a little chapel around the corner and make it look as artistic as he could decorate a rich mansion in the most exclusive Riverside Drive. Jack made as much money as any of his high grade fellow traders in Harlem, and he had no home responsibilities, his widow mother being what we might call well-to-do, for she owned considerable real estate in that vicinity, yet, Jack, every Monday morning had to obtain a loan for his carfare, and more than half a dozen young ladies all around Manhattan were particularly interested in Jack's welfare. This is Sunday and one o'clock in the afternoon, and Jack should be enjoying his holiday, and there were already two of his female chums waiting

for him on the sidewalk. Yet Jack had always some more time to spare to accommodate his employer George N., who as now entered the store he gave the synthematical pass-word "that's all," which in the language of the employer and employees it means "The boys may now go home."

But Jack, as he took a glimpse on me, in all his Irish calibre he almost screamed: Help! St. Patrick, what a metamorphosis is this? Is that you, Father? You look now to me more like a butterfly out of a caterpillar than anything in Ireland. Say, girls, calling his friends from the outside, come in you girls, I take the honor to introduce you to the Father . . . , but, my soul, I am ashamed to call you Father, so fashionable a gentleman as you look now. You shall not call me Father, said I, as long as you see me dressed like a gentleman. I shall not, Jack said, and with his girls took his departure, while George N., who interpreted all this merriment, took a fresh white rose and put it in my buttonhole. Let us go for lunch, said he and I followed gladly for I felt it was a timely call.

As George N. is a bachelor he takes his meals in no particular place, anywhere from Harlem Casino or Palm Garden or Manhattan Club to a ten cent lunch counter. Today he took me into a dollar a plate restaurant on 125th Street. Before I was through with my dinner, George N. made the remark to me saying "if you always enjoy the American cooking the way I observe you doing, you will never starve in America, I assure you." It was the wisest prophecy

that George N. ever made about my future in America.

After dinner we visited Grant's Tomb on Riverside Drive and on our return he gave me instructions how to find the Waldorf Astoria hotel where Aleck, one of his nephews had a position, and that Aleck would make arrangements for the night for me and that the following morning George N. would wait for me to discuss my plans for the future. I left him and when I was in my room which Aleck provided for me, the time was well nigh midnight.

After the day's excitement I hoped that a good night's rest would refresh me anew and the next morning would find me prepared for the work I chose to devote my future life in this New World. With a lightning quickness my mind examined all my past life and with the same speed I made my conclusions that there was no more any pleasure for me to look back, neither was there any attraction in that garb which so often is the representation of hypocrisy itself. I felt so happy for my decision and with a grateful heart I bent on my knees in prayer to Him who lay down His life for my freedom and my salvation, and as an evidence of my good health, the night passed undisturbed in sound sleep and in the morning when Aleck called me for breakfast I felt that every fibre of my body was springing for action, and with the last touch leaping from my bed the first day of new life went into history.

CHAPTER IV

High Priest

FOR the benefit of those who ignorantly, if not deliberately by deceit, misled to believe that the priest has any authority, which the truly converted Christian could not exercise, the present chapter is offered in the spirit of love without any fear of contradiction or dispute, because the facts given here are well established upon the Scriptural Truths and the reader may at all times maintain the proofs to disprove refutable arguments of persons whose only purpose is to serve their own individual interests.

The priest, one who officiates in secret offices, it is the definition given in Webster's dictionary. And from the most authentic Biblical concordances we derive the following information: The priest under the law was a person consecrated and ordained of God, not only to teach the people and pray for them, but also to offer up sacrifices for his own sins and those of the people. The priesthood was not annexed to a certain family, till after the promulgation of the law of Moses.

Before that time the first born of every family, the fathers, the kings, the princes, were priests, born in their city and in their own homes. Cain and Abel, Noah, Abraham and Job, Abimelech and Laban,

Isaac and Jacob, offered themselves their own sacrifices. In the solemnity of the covenant that the Lord made with his people at the foot of Mount Sinai, Moses performed the office of mediator, and young men were chosen from among the children of Israel to perform the office of priests. But after that the Lord had chosen the tribe of Levi to serve him in his tabernacle, and that the priesthood was annexed to the family of Aaron, then the right of offering sacrifices to God was reserved to the priests alone of this family.

Duties of the priests: The priests were required to prove their descent from Aaron, to be free from all bodily defect or blemish; must not be observed mourning except for near relatives; must not marry a woman that had been a harlot; or divorced, or profane. The priest's daughter who committed whoredom was to be burned, as profaning her father. The priests were to have the charge of the sanctuary and the altar, which being once kindled the priest was always to keep it burning. In later times, and upon extraordinary occasions, at least, they flayed the burnt-offerings and killed the Passover. They were to receive the blood of the burnt-offerings in basins and sprinkle it around about the altar, arrange the wood and the fire, and to burn the parts of the sacrifices. If the burnt sacrifices were of doves, the priest was to nip off the head with the finger nail, squeeze out the blood on the edge of the altar, pluck off the feathers, and throw them with the crop into the ash-pit, divide down the wings, and then com-

pletely burn it. He was to offer a lamb every morning and evening, and a double number on the Sabbath, the burnt-offerings ordered at the beginning of months, and the same on the feast of Unleavened Bread, and on the day of the First Fruits; to receive the meat-offering of the offerer, bring it to the altar, take of it a memorial, and burn it upon the altar; to sprinkle the blood of the peace-offerings upon the altar around about, and then to offer of it a burnt-offering; to offer the sin-offering for the sins of a ruler or any of the common people; to eat the sin-offering at the holy place; and the same way to offer offerings for all the kinds of sin and the priest should eat these offerings at the holy place; to offer for the purification of women after child-birth; to judge of the leprosy in the human body or garments (it is remarkable that the Jewish race from the beginning, has been all through the ages a heavy victim of leprosy). The priest was to make the ointment of spices; to prepare the water of separation; to act as assessor in judicial proceedings; to encourage the army when going to battle, and probably to have charge of the law.

The emoluments of the priests: The perquisites of the priests were many and various, and as Philo calls them very rich, and this statement holds good all the way down to the Christian priest who inherited most of the virtues of his Jewish predecessors. Thus no wonder for the priests to keep their people in dense ignorance of the historical originality of the priesthood. And the high priest, besides all duties

and privileges already mentioned as common to him and the ordinary priest, he must not marry a widow, nor a divorced woman, or a profane, or that had been a harlot, but a virgin Israelitess. He must not eat anything that died of itself, or was torn by beasts; must wash his hands and feet when he went into the tabernacle to offer the mass. The high priest was the divinely inspired judge and truly he was the supreme ruler till the time of David, and again after the captivity. He would ask counsel of the Lord if a new ruler was worthy or not and accordingly grant or regret the appointment of the ruler. It is the privilege which the Pope derives from Eleazar and trying to exercise this privilege against the rulers of Europe for fifteen centuries became the menace in the progress of humanity. The high priest had also unlimited power upon the funds of the sanctuary. And it may be out of proportion in this book to give a complete description of all the privileges and regalia of the high priest, yet the reader could easily imagine the frivolities unfortunately existing even today in the ceremonial dress of the high priest, and to confirm this fact he only has to enter in the first Russian or Greek or Roman Catholic church at any day of some special celebration and there he cannot help but observe an imitation of the lamentable vanity of a high priest of the old Jewish faith. And the truth is visible to the naked eye. Would ever sincerity and priesthood meet in one and the same person it would make the most paradox phenomenon, and such exceptional occurrences are very rare in the ecclesi-

astical horizon, for virtue and priesthood are the very logical antithesis, and chemically speaking they are protogon matters not yielding to adulteration. Between priesthood and Christ there is an abyss of argument, but there is no bridge to join both sides. Priesthood on one side in the most pharisaic manner imposing its superfluous authority upon all mortals. And Jesus the Christ of God with his wounded side, in the most emphatic manner, condemning the pharisaic scheme, which is a continuation in the Greek—Russian—Roman Catholic church: "For they bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on man's shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers." And if the words of the blessed Christ himself speaking in the 23d chapter of Matthew, have no effect upon the consciousness of the priest, there is all vain to any other way trying to bring him into the light of wisdom. In the history of all mankind there are three distinct stages of priesthood, and in its two former stages it had been a complete failure, in its present stage is falling so fast, and it is condemned, already, by all reasoning minds, that it is only a matter of time before the human race shall be free from these parasites. The priest, of the Jewish faith, failed because he was inhuman, the priest of the Greek idolatry failed, because he was a philosophical fraud; and the priest of the present time, shall fail, because he is the very opposing visible enemy of God's kingdom. The sacerdotal office of the priest, is anti-christian.

Here we shall attempt to only describe one piece

of the dress of the high priest, the breast-plate (rationale); a gorget, ten inches square, made of the same sort of cloth as the ephod, and doubled so as to form a kind of pouch or bag, in which was to be put the urim and thummim, which are also mentioned as is already known. The external part of this gorget was set with four rows of precious stones; the first row, a sardius, a topaz, and a carbuncle; the second, an emerald, a sapphire, and a diamond; the third, a ligure, an agate, and an amethyst, and the fourth, a beryl, an onyx and a jasper, set in a golden socket. Upon each of these stones was to be engraved the name of one of the sons of Jacob. In the ephod in which there was a space left open sufficiently large for the admission of this pectoral, were four rings of gold, to which four others at the four corners of the breast-plate corresponded; the two lower rings of gold being fixed inside. It was confined to the ephod by means of dark blue ribbons, which passed through these rings; and it was also suspended from the onyx stones on the shoulder by chains of gold, or rather cords of twisted gold thread, which were fastened at one end to two other larger rings fixed in the upper corners of the pectoral, and by the other end going around the onyx stones on the shoulders, and returning and being fixed in the larger ring. And a splendid ornament upon the breast was a winged scarabaeus, the emblem of the Sun, and the unavoidable portion of the ceremonial dress peculiar to the high priest was the miter, mitre or Cidaris, a head gear of gold and silver and pre-

cious stones whose magnificence we would not dare to describe in this work, but the reader may in his life be fortunate enough to see one of these wonderful paraphernalia on the head of some of the now-a-days self-styled representatives of Jesus Christ, who came to seek and save the lost and he did not make of himself a show in these follies of the old Jewish faith that proved a failure.

That the priests in Israel more than once by their indulgence went down to idolatry, the old testament abounds in evidences, but I shall only mention the incidents of Eli the high priest and his two sons, Hophni and Phinehas. Josephus says, the high priest had also the very idolatrous symbolical meanings of every part of his dress, which being made of linen signified the earth; the blue color denoted the sky, being like lightning in its pomegranate, and in the noise of its bells resembling thunder. The ephod showed that God had made the universe of four elements, the gold relating to the splendor by which all things are enlightened, the breast-plate in the middle of the ephod resembled the earth, which has the middle place in the world. The girdle signified the sea, which goes around the world. The sardonyxes declared the sun and moon. The twelve stones are the twelve months of signs of the zodiac. The mitre is the heaven, because above all. The seven lamps upon the golden candlesticks represent the seven planets, and so on every article had a reference to some particle of the Egyptian Deities. But the time came when man under-

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stood better God's plan of salvation. And divinely inspired they fearlessly stopped all these idolatrous practises.

Who could dare say, at the beginning of the sixteenth century that God could only through Jesus Christ save a soul without the necessity of a priest? Yet today even the priest himself would not dare say, not in a civilized community, that his presence is necessary for the forgiveness of sin. But what of the millions of people that are drifting away from God with the idea, that the priest is taking care of their souls? Am I criticising the priest? God forbid, for I am not. There are good and bad priests, as far as their personal character is concerned, as there are good and bad professional Christians, I have met in my Christian experience. But I will say, in the authority of the word of God, that the man who diligently searcheth the Scriptures and sincerely read his Bible and still he insists in holding his sacerdotal office and call himself a priest, he is deceived or he is deceiving.

"Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedec." Christ is the only priest, holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens, who needeth not daily, as those high priests, to offer up sacrifice, first for his own sins, and then for the people's; for this he did once, when he offered up himself.

The Church makes men high priests which have infirmity but the power of God makes every man a high priest, who offers up himself to live and work

for the salvation of all. "Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." God's promises are true and the reader has only to study the Epistle of Paul to the Hebrews, to be convinced that the sacerdotal office of the priest sooner or later has to go out of existence as the spirit of Christ spreads upon the hearts of men and women and the knowledge of His salvation makes them "Priests unto God and His Father" and thus establish God's kingdom upon the solid foundations of love. Then shall they all be made unto kings and priests, and they shall reign upon the earth. (Rev. 1-6, etc.)

CHAPTER V

Philosophy vs. Christianity

IN Plato's dialogue upon the duties of religious worship, a passage occurs the design of which appears to be to show that man could not, of himself, learn either the nature of the Gods, or the proper manner of worshiping them, unless an instructor should come from Heaven. The following remarkable passage occurs between Socrates and Alcibiades:

Socrates—"To me it appears best to be patient. It is necessary to wait till you learn how you ought to act towards the Gods, and towards men."

Alcibiades—"When, O Socrates, shall that time be? And who shall instruct me? For most willingly would I see this person, who he is."

Socrates—"He is one who cares for you; but, as Homer represents Minerva as taking away darkness from the eyes of Diomedes; that he might distinguish a God from a man, so it is necessary that he should first take away the darkness from your mind, and then bring near those things by which you shall know good and evil."

Alcibiades—"Let him take away the darkness, or any other thing, if he will; for whoever this man is, I am prepared to refuse none of the things which he commands, if I shall be made better."

Philosophy, led the Greeks to Christ, as the Law did the Jewish. The wisdom of the world in their efforts to give truth and happiness to the human soul, was foolishness with God, and the wisdom of God—Christ crucified—was foolishness with the philosophers, in relation to the same subject; yet it was divine Philosophy. An adopted means, and the only adequate means, to accomplish the necessary end. Said an apostle in speaking upon this subject, the Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom; but we preach Christ Crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block and unto the Greeks foolishness. But unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the Power of God, and the wisdom of God. The Jews, while they require a sign, did not perceive that miracles, in themselves, were not adopted to produce affection. And the Greeks, while they sought after wisdom, did not perceive that all the wisdom of the Gentiles, would never work love in the heart. But the apostle preached—Christ crucified—an exhibition of self-denial, of suffering, and of self-sacrificing; love and mercy, endured in behalf of men, which, when received by faith, became “The power of God, and the wisdom of God,” to produce love and obedience in the human soul. Paul understood the efficacy of the Cross. He looked to Calvary and beheld Christ crucified as the Sun of the Gospel system. Not, as the Moon, reflecting cold and borrowed rays; but as the Sun of righteousness, glowing with radiant mercy, and pouring warm beams of life and love into the open bosom of the believer.

It is stranger that among philosophers of succeeding ages there has not been wisdom sufficient to discover, from the constitutional necessities of the human spirit, that demand for the instruction and aid of the Messiah which Socrates and Plato discovered, even in a comparatively dark age. And in the whole history of human mind there is not a more instructive chapter at once stranger and sad, interesting to our curiosity and mortifying to our pride, than the history of Platonic philosophy sinking into gnosticism, or in other words, of Greek philosophy merging in Oriental Mysticism; showing, on the one hand the decline and fall of philosophy, and, on the other, the rise and progress of Syncretism. Perhaps, also, it is the most remarkable instance on record, that out of the religious, moral, and political, in one word, the intellectual corruption which brings on the fall of great and mighty nations, as it doubtless was with Babylon and Thebes, and so we know it to have been with Athens and Rome, God's providence educes pure principles and higher hopes for the nations and people that rise out of their ashes, and who, if they will be taught wisdom and principle, righteousness and peace, by the errors and sufferings of those who have preceded them, may rise to higher destinies in the history of men's conduct and God's providence.

The reader most sincerely is asked to devote the required time in any public library and study this very interesting subject of "Gnosticism" from which the most detrimental system in the Christian era was



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originated, "The Monasticism." In this ecclesiastical order the writer had been distinguished with the rank of "Archimandrites."

To what extent the celibacy of monks and nuns debased the fundamental principles of Christianity there are a number of publications whose authors are eye-witnesses of the orgies practised in their own monasteries, and the writer in his superior office in two of the leading monasteries had had the opportunity to acquire all the necessary evidence to demolish every one of these hell-pits, to many a young man and young woman innocent, otherwise, before entering there, and drive away all these parasites that have no consideration to any civil or moral law and live upon the sweat of the brow of the long-suffering Church slaves.

Within the bounds of philosophy, at this stage of our progress it will be useful to recapitulate the conclusions at which we have arrived, and thus make a point of rest from which to extend our observations further into the plan of God for redeeming the world, for "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the House of Israel." This view is the more appropriate as we have known in the history of God's providence with Israel, which presents them as a people prepared (so far as imperfect material could be prepared) to receive the model which God might desire to impress upon the nation. They were bound to each other by all the ties of which human nature is susceptible, and thus rendered compact and united, so that every thing national, whether in

sentiment or practise would be received and cherished with unanimous, and fervent, and lasting attachment; and, furthermore, by a long and rigorous bondage, they had been rendered, for the time being at least, humble and dependant. Thus they were disciplined by a curse of providence, adopted to fit them to receive instruction from their Benefactor with a teachable and grateful spirit.

Their minds were shaken off from idols; and Jehovah, by a revelation made to them, setting forth his name and nature, had revealed himself as Divine Being, and by his works had manifested his Almighty power: so that when their minds were disabused of wrong views of the Godhead, an idea of the first, true, and essential nature of God was revealed to them, and they were thus prepared to receive a knowledge of the attributes of that Divine essence.

They had been brought to contemplate God as their protector and Saviour. Appeals the most affecting and thrilling had been addressed to their affections; and they were thus attached to God as their Almighty temporal Saviour, by the ties of gratitude and love for the favor which he had manifested to them.

When they had arrived on the further shore of the Red Sea, thus prepared to obey God and worship him with the heart, they were without laws either civil or moral. As yet, they had never possessed any national or social organization. They were therefore prepared to receive, without predilection or prejudice, that system of moral instruction and civil polity

which God might reveal, as best adapted to promote the moral interests of the nation.

From these conclusions we may extend our vision forward into the system of revelation. This series of preparations would certainly lead the mind to the expectation that what was still wanting, and what they had been thus miraculously prepared to receive, would be granted: which was a knowledge of the moral character of God, and a moral law prescribing their duty to God and to men. Without this, the plan that had been maturing for generations, and had been carried forward thus far by wonderful exhibitions of Divine wisdom and power, would be left unfinished, just at the point where the finishing process was necessary.

But besides the strong probability which the previous preparation would produce, that there would be a revelation of moral law, there are distinct and conclusive reasons, evincing its necessities.

The whole experience of the world has confirmed the fact, beyond the possibility of scepticism, that men cannot discover and establish a perfect rule of human duty. Whatever may be said of the many excellent maxims expressed by different individuals in different ages and nations, yet it is true that no system of duty to God and man, in any wise consistent with enlightened reason, has ever been established by human wisdom, and sustained by human sanctions; and for many reasons, such a fact never can occur.

But, it may be supposed that each man has, within

himself, sufficient light from reason, and sufficient admonition from conscience, to guide himself, as an individual, in the path of truth and happiness. A single fact will correct such a supposition. Conscience, the great arbiter of the merit and demerit of human conduct, has little intuitive sense of right, and is not guided entirely by reason, but is governed in a great measure by what men believe. Indeed, faith is the legitimate regulator of the conscience. If a man has correct views of duty to God and men, he will have a correct conscience; but if he can, by a wrong view of morals and of the character of God, be induced to believe that theft, or murder, or any vice, is right, his conscience will be corrupted by his faith. When men are brought to believe—as they frequently do in heathen countries—that it is right to commit suicide, or infanticide, as a religious duty, their conscience condemns them if they do not perform the act. Thus that power in the soul which pronounces upon the moral character of human conduct, is itself dependent upon and regulated by the faith of the individual. It is apparent, therefore, that the reception and belief of a true rule of duty, accompanied with proper sanctions, will alone form in men a proper conscience. God has so constituted the soul that it is necessary, in order to the regulation of its moral powers, that it should have a rule of duty, revealed under the sanction of its Maker's authority; otherwise its high moral powers would lie in dark and perpetual disorder.

Further, unless the human soul be an exception,

God governs all things by laws adopted to their proper nature. The laws which govern the material world are sketched in the books on natural science; such are gravitation, affinity, mathematical motion. Those laws by which the irrational animal creations are controlled are usually called instincts. Their operation and design are sketched, to some extent, in treatises upon the instincts of animals. Such is the law which leads the beaver to build its dam, and all other animals to pursue some particular habits instead of others. All beavers, from the first one created to the present time, have been instinctively led to build a dam in the same manner, and so their instinct will lead them to build till the end of time. The law which drives them to the act is as necessitating as the law which causes the smoke to rise upwards. Nothing in the universe of God, animate or inanimate, is left without the government of appropriate law, unless that thing being the noblest creature of God: the human spirit. To suppose, therefore, that the human soul is thus left unguided by a revealed rule of conduct, is to suppose that God cares for the less and not for the greater: to suppose that He would constitute the moral powers of the soul so that a law was necessary for their guidance, and then revealed none: to suppose, especially in the case of the Israelites, that he would prepare a people to receive, and obey with a proper spirit, this necessary rule of duty, and yet give no rule. But to suppose these things would be absurd; it follows, therefore, that God would reveal

to the Israelites a law for the regulation of their conduct in morals and religion.

But physical law or necessitating instinct would not be adapted in its nature to the government of a rational and moral being. The obligation of either to the soul would destroy its free agency. God has made man intelligent, and thereby adapted his nature to a rule which he understands. Man has a will and a conscience; but he must understand the rule in order to will obedience, and he must believe the sanction by which the law is maintained before he can feel the obligation upon his conscience. A law, therefore, adapted to man's nature, must be addressed to the understanding, sanctioned by suitable authority, and enforced by adequate penalties.

In accordance with these legitimate deductions, God gave the Israelites a rule of life—the moral law—succinctly comprehended in the Ten Commandments. And as affectionate obedience is the only proper obedience he coupled the facts which were fitted to produce affection with the command to obey; saying, "I am the Lord thy God, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt, and from the house of bondage." Therefore, if ye love the Lord ye shall surely keep His commandments.

Further, the only begotten Son of God, who, in order to fulfil the law gave himself a ransom for the salvation of all mankind, made the plan clearer to "Whomsoever believeth on Him?" saying; "This is My commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you."

Therefore, John, whom history acknowledges as the Socrates of the Christian philosophy in his personal knowledge of Divine revelations, was glad to testify to the fact that "God is Love."

And now with my whole soul lifted up to God I can sing:

My heart is fixed, eternal God: fixed on Thee,
 And my unchanging choice is made, Christ for me!
 He is my Prophet, Priest, and King, who did for me
 salvation bring
 And while I've breath I mean to sing, Christ for me.

CHAPTER VI

God's Providence

IN facts from Christian and philosophical stand-points it has been demonstrated that the infallible Supreme Ruler of all human spirits has made His final provision for the safety of each and every individual soul for its temporal and eternal welfare. Now I must prove to my readers' perfect satisfaction that to discard all the dignities and privileges of a high priest and become a lowly worker for Christ, it is not a mere accident nor is it an act of necessity as far as temporal necessities are concerned; but, it is a magnificent living monument of God's Providential manifestations. In order to protect my reader in his judgment from any undue prejudice I have taken pains to present herewith all the obtainable facts in regard to God's Providence existing and exercising its office upon even to the most microscopical atom. Because, it is required by the law of justice, to comprehend this great attribute of God's Providence, in order to understand, how, all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose.

The Latin etymology of the word Providence is from (Providentia, Pro-videre), and originally meant

foresight. The corresponding Greek word (Pronoia) means forethought. By a well-known figure of speech, called metonymy, we use a word denoting the means by which we accomplish anything to denote the end accomplished; we exercise care over anything by means of foresight, and indicate that care by the word foresight. On the same principle the word Providence is used to signify the care God takes of the universe. As to its inherent nature, it is the power which God exerts, without intermission, in and upon all the works of his hands. In the language of the school-men it is a continual creation (creation continua). But defined as to its visible manifestations, it is God's preservation and government of all things. As a thing is known by its opposites, the meaning of Providence is elucidated by considering that it is opposed to fortune and fortuitous accidents.

Providence, considered in reference to all things existing, is termed by Knapp universal; in reference to moral beings, special; and in reference to holy or converted beings, particular. Every thing is an object of Providence in proportion to its capacity. The Disciples, being of more value than many sparrows, were assured of greater providential care. By Providence being universal is intended, not merely that it embraces classes of objects or greater matters, but that nothing is too minute or insignificant for its inspection.

Providence is usually divided in three divine acts, Preservation, Co-operation and Government. 1.

By preservation is signified the causing of existence to continue. 2. Co-operation is the act of God which causes the powers of created things to remain in being. It is not pretended that the existence of the powers of the things are ever separated, but only that they are distinguishable in mental analysis. Co-operation varies with the nature of the objects towards which it is exercised. 3. Government, as a branch of Providence, is God's controlling all created things so as to promote the highest good of the whole. To this end every species of being is acted upon in a way confirmable to its nature; for instance, inanimate things by the laws of physical influence; brutes according to the laws of instinct; and free agents according to the laws of free agency. Moreover, as Providence has respect to the nature which God has been pleased to design to each various object, so, in common with every other divine act, it is characterized by divine perfections. It displays omnipresence, omniscience, omnipotence, holiness, justice, and benevolence. It has been sometimes contended that Providence does not extend to all things, or to unimportant events, and chiefly for four reasons. Such an all-embracing providence, it is said, would (1) be distracting to the mind of God; or (2) would be beneath His dignity; or (3) would interfere with human freedom; or (4) would render God unjust in permitting evil to exist. In reply to these objections against a providence controlling all things without exception, it may be observed that the third and fourth suggest difficulties which press equally, in

fact, upon all hypothesis, not only as to providence, but as to creation, and which shall be more fully explained in the sequel.

As to the first objection, that the minutiae of the creation are so multifarious as to confuse the mind of God, we are content to let it refute itself in every mind which has any just sense of divine knowledge and wisdom. The second objection, that some things are beneath God's notice, if it be not a captious cavil, must result from pushing too far the analogy between earthly kings and the King of kings. It is an imperfection in human potentates that they need vicegerents; let us not then attribute such a weakness to God, fancying him altogether such a one as ourselves. Again, it is to this day doubtful whether the microscope does not display the divine perfections as illustriously as the telescope; there is therefore no reason to deny a providence over animalcula which we admit over the constellated heavens. What is it that we dare call insignificant? The least of all things may be as a seed cast in to the seed-field of time, to grow there and bear fruit, which shall be multiplying when time shall be no more. We cannot always trace the connections of things. We do not ponder those we can trace: or we should tremble to call anything beneath the notice of God. It has been eloquently said that where we see a trifle hovering unconnected in space, higher spirit can discern its fibres stretching through the whole expanse of the system of the world, and hanging on the remotest limits of the future and the past.

In reference to the third and fourth objections before mentioned, namely, that an all-embracing providence is incompatible with divine justice and human freedom, it should be considered that, in contemplating God's Providence, the question will often arise, why was mortal evil allowed to exist? But as these questions meet us at every turn, and, under different forms, may be termed the one and the only difficulty in theology, it is already considered in the previous chapter of this work, and may therefore require the less notice in the present article. We should in all humility preface whatever we say on the permission of evil (such as, mysticism, in religious bodies) with a confession that it is an inscrutable mystery, which our faith receives, but which our reason could not prove either to be or not to be demanded by the perfection of God. But, in addition to the vindication of God's ways which may be found in the over-ruling of evil for good, the following theories deserve notice:—

1. Occasionalism, or the doctrine that God is the immediate cause of all men's actions. It is so called, because it maintains that men only furnish God an occasion for what he does. It degrades all second causes to mere occasions, and turns men into passive instruments.

2. Mechanism. Many, alarmed at the consequences which occasionalism would seem to involve, have embraced an opposite scheme. They criticise the definition of the laws of nature, and contend that occasionalism derives all its plausibility from

adroitly availing itself of the ambiguities of language. They would have us view the creation as a species of clock, or other machinery, which, being once made and wound up, will for a time perform its movements without the assistance or even presence of its maker. But reasons press too far the analogy between the Creator and an artisan. So excellent a man as Baxter was misled by this hypothesis, which evidently is as derogatory to God as occasionalism is fatal to the moral agency of man.

3. The authors of the third scheme respecting the mode in which Providence permits sin sought to be "Eclectics" or to find a path intermediate between Mechanism and Occasionalism. In their judgment, man is actuated by God, and yet is at the same time active himself. God gives man the power of action, and preserves these powers every moment, but he is not the efficient cause of free actions themselves. This they say, is involved in the very idea of a moral being, which would cease to be moral if it were subjected to the control of necessity, and not suffered to choose and to do what it saw to be the best according to the laws of freedom. But it is asked, why did God create men free, and therefore fallible? It were presumption to think of answering this question adequately. It belongs to the deep things of God. But, among the possible reasons, we may mention, that if no fallible beings had been created, there could have been no virtue in the universe; for virtue implies probation, and probation a liability to temptation and sin. Again, if some beings had

not become sinful, the most glorious attributes of God would never have been so fully exerted and displayed. How could His wisdom and mercy and grace have been adequately manifested, except by suffering a portion of His creatures to become such as to demand the exercise of those attributes? How else could He have wrought the miracle of educing good from evil? In this connection we may allude to the third chapter of Romans, where as in other passages, it is declared, that the good which evil may be over-ruled to produce, cannot palliate, much less excuse, the guilt of sinners, or of those who say, "Let us do evil that good may come."

Among the proofs of Divine Providence may be reckoned the following:—I. One argument in proof of Providence is analogous to one mode of proving a creation. If we cannot account for the existence of the world without supposing its coming into existence, or beginning to be; no more can we account for the world continuing to exist, without supposing it to be preserved; for it is as evidently absurd to suppose any creature prolonging as producing its own being. A second proof of Providence results from the admitted fact of creation. Whoever has made any piece of mechanism, therefore takes pains to preserve it.

Parental affection moves those who have given birth to children to provide for their sustenance and education. It is both reasonable and scriptural to contemplate God as sustaining the universe because He made it. Thus David, having promised that the

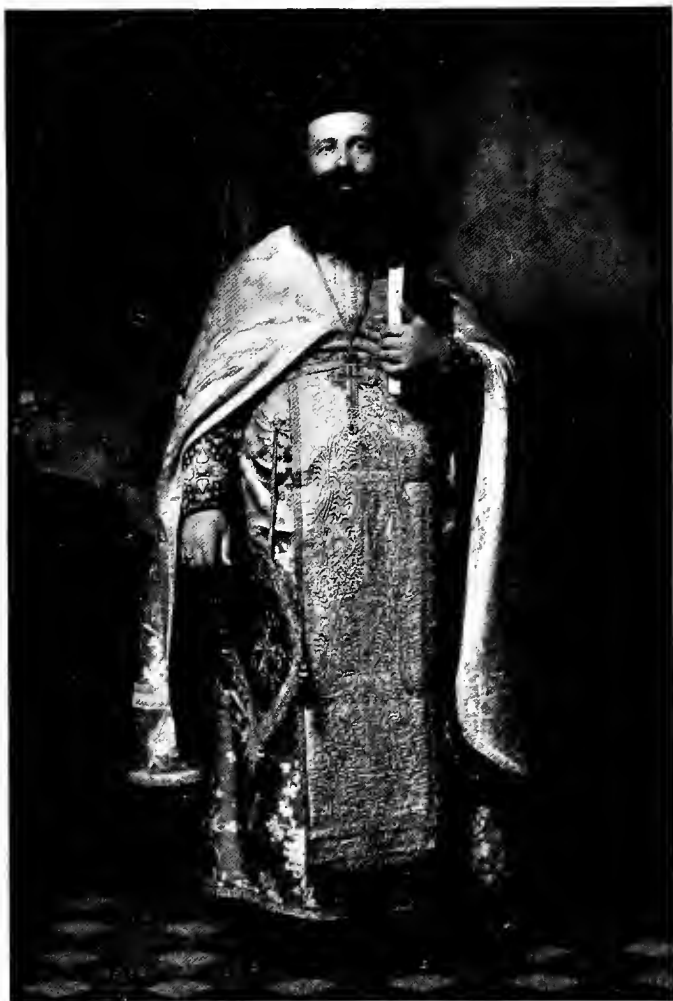
world was made by God, immediately descends to the course of his Providence. (Ps. xxiii. 6.) The creation also evinces a Providence by proving God's right to rule, on the admitted principle that every one may do what he will with his own.

A third proof of Providence is found in the divine perfections. Since, among the divine perfections, are all power and all knowledge, the non-existence of Providence, if there be none, must result from a want of will in God. But no want of will to exercise a Providence can exist, for God wills whatever is for the good of the universe, and for His own glory; to either of which a Providence is clearly indispensable. God therefore has resolved to exercise His power and knowledge so as to subserve the best ends with His creation. "He that denies Providence," says Charnock, "denies most of God's attributes; he denies at least the exercise of them; he denies his omniscience, which is the eye of Providence; mercy and justice, which are the arms of it; power, which is its life and motion; wisdom, which is the rudder whereby Providence is steered; and holiness, which is the compass and rule of each motion." This argument for a Providence might be made much more impressive, did our limits allow us to expand it, so as to show, step by step how almost every attribute, if not directly, yet by implication, demands that God put forth an unceasing sovereignty over all His works.

A fourth proof of God's Providence appears in the order which prevails in the universe. We say

the order which prevails, aware of the occasional apparent disorder that exists, which we have already noticed, and shall soon treat of again. That summer and winter, seed time and harvest, cold and heat, day and night, are fixed by law, was obvious even to man who never heard of God's covenant with Noah. Accordingly the ancient Greeks designated the creation by a word which means order (*cosmos*). But our sense of order is keenest where we discern it in apparent confusion. The motions of the heavenly bodies are eccentric and interwoven, yet are most regular when they seem most lawless. They were therefore compared by the earliest astronomers to the discords which blend in a harmony, and to the wild starts which often heighten the graces of a dance. Modern astronomy has revealed to us so much miraculous symmetry in celestial phenomena, that it shows us far more decisive proofs of a Ruler seated on the circles of the heavens, than were vouchsafed to the ancients. Moreover, many discover proofs of a Providence in such facts as the proportion between the two sexes, the diversities of the continents, as well as human nature and the nature of all things continuing always the same; since such facts show that all things are controlled by an unchanging power.

An objection to proofs of Providence, derived from the order of the universe, is thought to spring from the seeming disorders to which we cannot shut our eyes. Much is said of plagues and earthquakes, of drought, flood, frost and famine, with a thousand



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The High Priest in Church Ceremonial Attire

more natural evils. But it deserves consideration whether, if there were no Providence, these anomalies would not be the rule instead of the exception; whether they do not feelingly persuade us that that curse of nature is upheld by a power above nature, and without which it would fall to nothing; whether they may not be otherwise necessary for more important ends than fall within the scope of our knowledge.

A fifth proof of Providence is furnished by the fact that so many men are here rewarded and punished according to a righteous law. The wicked often feel compunctious visitings in the midst of their sins, or smart under the rod of civil justice, or are tortured with natural evils. With righteous all things are in general reversed. The miser and envious are punished as soon as they begin to commit their respective sins; and some virtues are their own present reward. But we would not dissemble that we are here met with important objections, although infinitely less, even though they were unanswerable, than beset such as would reject the doctrine of Providence.

It is said, and we grant, that the righteous are trodden under foot, and the vilest men exalted; that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; that virtue starves, while vice is fed, and that schemes for doing good are frustrated, while evil plots succeed. But we may reply:

1. The prosperity of the wicked is often apparent, and well styled a shining misery. Who believes

that Nero enthroned was happier than Paul in chains?

2. We are often mistaken in calling such or such an afflicted man good, and such or such a prosperous man bad.

3. The miseries of good men are generally occasioned by their own faults, since they have been so fool-hardy as to run counter to the laws by which God acts, or have aimed at certain ends while neglecting the appropriate means.

4. Many virtues are proved and augmented by trials, and not only proved, but produced, so that they would have had no existence without them. Many a David's noblest qualities would never have been developed but for the impious attempts of Saul. Job's integrity was not only tested but strengthened by Satan being permitted to sift him as wheat. Passions, experience and hope were brought as ministering angels to man, of whom the world was not worthy, through trials of cruel mockings and scourgings.

5. The unequal distribution of good and evil, so far as it exists, carries our thoughts forward to the last judgment, and a retribution according to the deeds done in the body, and can hardly fail of throwing round the idea of eternity a stronger air of reality than it might otherwise have done. All perplexities vanish as we reflect that, "He cometh to judge the earth."

6. Even if we limit our views to this world, but extend them to all our acquaintances, we cannot doubt

that the tendencies, though not always the effects, of vice are to misery, and those of virtue to happiness. These tendencies are especially clear if our view embraces a whole life-time, and the clearer the longer the period we embrace. The Psalmist was at first envious at the foolish, when he saw the prosperity of the wicked; but as his views became more comprehensive, and he understood their end, his language was, "How are they brought into desolation as in a moment; they are utterly consumed with terrors." The progressive tendency of vice and virtue to reap each its appropriate harvest is finally illustrated by Bishop Butler, best of all perhaps in his picture of an imaginary kingdom of the good, which would peacefully subvert all others, and fill the earth. Indeed, as soon as we leave what is immediately before our eyes, and glance at the annals of the world, we behold so many manifestations of God, that we may adduce as a sixth proof of Providence the facts of history. The giving and transmission of a revelation, as the Mosaic and the Christian—the raising up of Prophets, Apostles and Defenders of the Faith—the ordination of particular events, such as the Reformation—the more remarkable deliverance noticed in the lives of those devoted to the good of the world, etc., all indicate the wise and benevolent care of God over the human family. But the historical proof of a Providence is perhaps strongest where the wrath of man has been made to praise God, or where efforts to dishonor God have been constrained to do him honor. Testimony in favor of piety has

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fallen from the impious, and has had a double volume, as coming from the unwilling. They who have fought against the truth have been used by God as instruments of spreading the knowledge of it, awakening an interest in it, or stimulating Christians to purify it from human additions, and to exhibit its power. The scientific researches also with which infidels have wearied themselves to overthrow a revelation have proved at last fatal to their daring scepticisms. Too many histories, like Gibbons', have been written as if there were no God in the heavens, swaying the sceptre of the earth. But a better day is approaching; and it is exhilarating to observe that Alison, the first British historian of the age, writes in the spirit which breathes in the historical books of the Bible, where the free actions of man are represented as inseparably connected with the agency of God. If we may judge of the future by the past, as the scroll of time unrolls, we, or our posterity, and some think glorified spirits in a yet higher degree, shall see more and more plainly the hand of God operating, till every knee shall bow. Judgments, now a great deep, shall become as the light that goeth forth. The tides of ambition and avarice will all be seen to roll in subserviency to the designs of God. To borrow the illustration of another, "we shall behold the bow of God encircling the darkest storms of wickedness, and forcing them to manifest His glory to the universe."

As a seventh ground for believing in Providence, it may be said that Providence is the necessary basis

of all religion. For what is religion? One of the best definitions calls it the belief in a super-human power, which has great influence in the human affairs, and ought therefore to be worshiped. But take away this influence in the human affairs, and you cut off all motive to worship. To the same purpose is the text in Hebrews: "He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and He is a rewarder of such as diligently seek Him." If then the religious sentiments thrill us not in vain—if all attempts of all men to commune with God have not always and everywhere been idle—there must be a Providence.

In the eighth place, we may advert for a moment to the proof of Providence from the common consent of mankind, with the single exception of atheists. The Epicureans may be classed with atheists, as they are generally thought to have been atheists in discourse, and a God after their imaginations would be, to all intents and purposes, no God. The Stoics were also atheists, believing only in a blind fate arising from a perpetual concatenation of causes contained in nature. The passages acknowledging a Providence in Cicero, Seneca, Plutarch, and all the ancient moralists, are numerous and decisive, but too accessible or well-known to need being quoted.

In the last place, the doctrine of Providence is abundantly proved by the Scriptures. Some times it is declared that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever He will; as much as to say that nothing can withstand His

power. Again, lest we may think some things beneath His notice, we read that He numbereth the hairs of our heads, careth for lilies, and disposeth all the lots which are cast. The care of God for man is generally argued, a fortiori, from His care for inferior creatures. One Psalm (xci) is devoted to show the providential security of the Godly: another (xciii) shows the frailty of man; and a third (civ) the dependence of all orders in creation on God's Providence for food and breath. In Him, it is elsewhere added, we live, and move, and have our being. He, in the person of Christ, sustaineth all things by the Word of His power, and from Him cometh down every good and perfect gift. But nowhere perhaps is a Providence so pointedly asserted and so sublimely set forth as in some of the last chapters of Job; and nowhere so variously, winningly, and admirably exhibited as in the history of Joseph.

And nowhere could be found more brilliantly illuminating its substance than in our own hearts and lives. The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God. To undervalue God's Providence it is the most dreadful insult that a fool could dare conceive in his mind against God's existence. But the wise hearken to His voice.

My son, if thou wilt receive my words,
 And hide my commandments with thee;
 So that thou incline thine ear to wisdom,
 And apply thy heart to understanding;

Yea, if thou criest after knowledge,
 And liftest up thy voice for understanding;
 If thou seekest her as silver,
 And searchest for her as for hid treasures;
 Then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord,
 And find the knowledge of God.

CHAPTER VII

New York to California

WHEN I was but a little boy, I can well recollect, a nice little pond in the hollow of two hills beautifully situated, near the school house where the pupils would enjoy the intervals of their school time. How I would wonder at the experiment of throwing a stone in the pond and watching anxiously the circles of water growing larger and larger till reaching the banks of the pond and there they would break, as though in despair for the limitations of their enlarging tendencies. It seems to me, now, a parallel despair threatens my heart, for being obliged to compact this story of my conversion. Yet, in view of the fact that the American reader is a greater admirer of quality rather than quantity, I must content myself by giving a brief account on the practical side of my personal experience as a Christian worker, among the rich and the poor, the high and the low classes and masses, in cities and towns, sunshine or clouds, rain or snow, by day or by night; I made myself servant unto all men, that I might by all means save some, and this I do for the Gospel's sake. And, it is only proper, to confess, publicly, that I am prepared to suffer all things, for the love which I feel in my heart to be

of some service to my own people, an historical race of people they are, drifting away from God, blindly allowing blind priests to lead them into the ditch. There is a cheering prospect about this people, for whose salvation I have devoted my life, that when Christ enters into the heart of a Greek, there is very little hope left for the devil to induce him to be a backslider. A truly converted Greek soul is worthy of all the joy that the angels in heaven rejoice over one sinner that repenteth. How much more rejoicing shall be there, if we get converted all the Greeks that are living in the United States and use them as a kindling matter to start the fire of salvation in the hearts of the millions of people under the Greek and Russian church slavery, all round the Mediterranean countries?

With this and many other social and industrial problems laying upon my heart, I find the atmosphere, in New York, too close for any opening and very little encouragement for a beginning. And the atmosphere grew more asphyxiating every day with the arguments of my friend George N. He never had any sympathy with the subject so dear to my own heart, his highest ambition being money-making, for which end he relinquished the Presbyterian pulpit, after being duly graduated from a Presbyterian Seminary for ministerial ordination. It was only natural that our thoughts and our ambitions should face each other suspiciously from the diametrical opposite ends. And with all due respect to my old teacher and gratefully acknowledging his hos-

pitality for entertaining me many a day, I find out that at the best I had to be in his mercy, as long as I was not able to explain myself, to the American people, speaking in their own language. And, as difficulties have always had a peculiar effect upon my personal character; to face them, and fight them out with one object in view to die or to win, I left New York right after Christmas of 1903, in the midst of an unusually severe winter, rather a wanderer; but determined to ramble among the American people and learn the language by ear, which proved in my case, and I believe, it is in every case, to be the best school for learning the correct pronunciation of any language you might desire to speak, and be not laughable when you address the natives of that language.

Where should I direct my wandering steps, it was the all important question, under my consideration in the first place. Boston: I had been scouring the ground before, and from a thorough-going I was convinced that to begin in a place where the most superstitious, if not fanatics, Greeks are situated, at all appearances it should be a wonderful failure without any dose of wisdom in it; while I was not able to take my stand before the people, whose sympathies I needed in judging my purposes and my efforts. In the great wild West, way out there, where some of the best easterners by leaving their homes and their comforts therein, and enduring all the hardships of pioneering life they succeeded at last to put a solid foundation of a new and perma-

nent civilization astonishingly wonderful not only in the development of this great land of liberty but revolutionizing the whole commercial and social system of the world.

Who hath known the mind of the Lord? We have been taught, that His purpose is to glorify Himself through human agency, and we know that all the great movements in history were originated in an insignificant way by insignificant persons at the beginning. Who could say, at the time, when the daughter of Pharaoh came down to wash herself at the river, and there she drew out of the water an ark with a child in it, that that child would be the chosen one of God to deliver his people from the Egyptian bondage? Or, when, a poor carpenter with his wife went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea in a small village of Bethlehem, and Mary brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn; that that baby was the King of Kings, Christ the Lord and Saviour of all mankind?

That, humble fishermen would be the heralds of glad tidings, to those who accept Christ as their Saviour? That an altruist monk should leave his monastery, thus violating his vows to Pope and the church, to be the mouthpiece of the Truths of Christ's Gospel, and become the father of a Reformation that brought down the Romish pride, for all time and raised the banner of personal liberty in Him who is the Only One to save every soul that cometh unto

Him without the necessity of a priest? That such men as John Wesley, Moody, and a number of others, to accomplish great things for the advancement of God's kingdom? And the greatest religious living man, General William Booth, who, with his ingenious and prototype system, is doing more for God and humanity, than all religious bodies put together? Their beginning was insignificant.

These names, a few of the many, I thought to mention for the encouragement of those who always try to find some excuse, for not doing all they can, to realize that for which they every day pray, "Thy Kingdom come." As for me, I know, that there is nothing impossible with Jesus, and it is only according to our faith, and the work which we put in it, that we reap the results of our efforts.

When I left New York, I made a short stop-over at New Jersey, and one snowy morning I went to the R. R. station and purchased my ticket for Athens, Ohio, because, in studying geography, I noticed that there are quite a number of towns in the United States by the name of Athens, and I was very desirous to visit the Athens, Ohio, and see if there was any Acropolis or monuments to compare with the Athens, Greece. The train arrived at Athens, Ohio, R. R. station just on time, not to miss my dinner at a nearby restaurant, where I inquired if there were any Greek people in the town. A very gentle young lady, waiting on the table gave me instructions to find a candy store kept by a Greek, where she took her ice cream. I found the

place and the Greek who was a real good natured middle-aged man and his family living on the floor above the store. He received me kindly and after a short conversation he said he thought I could make a suitable help for him and he offered me the job without asking any questions as to my identification. I had no thought of staying at that place and declined the offer. By the same Greek I was glad to learn that Athens, Ohio, though there is no Acropolis and no Socrates there; yet, she is a nice little college town and the Greek was doing a rushing business with the students. The next train was for St. Louis, Missouri, and I was very anxious to see the Mississippi river, so I went on that train. The great bridge on the Mississippi river and the Union station at St. Louis are two buildings that could make honor to any city in the world. I left my luggage at the parcel-room and started out to find a hotel, where I could have the best accommodations for the smallest amount of money. When I located myself the best that I could, the next thing I thought to look around for a job, as I liked to stay in St. Louis till the opening of the World's Fair in the year 1904. I bought a newspaper: I could then read some English, but speak very little yet. The advertisement which attracted my attention was a short one "Wanted young man willing to work, apply, at given number and street." It was Saturday yet I was anxious and willing to work, so, I went to answer the ad. By asking in every corner some man in uniform, not knowing at the time if they were

policemen or conductors in the electric cars, I find the street and presently I saw the number above the door of a great big livery stable. I looked over the newspaper, and the number was correct. I was not prepared for the surprise and for a moment I hesitated to enter. The thoughts came to me by bunches: for the first time in my life I was looking for an honest work to make an honest living, and the first place, God's Providence, brought me, was a stable; and what a big stable that was. I never knew anything about stables and horses: what could I do there? Instantly my feet began to move backwards when a thought came as a lightning: what do you care if it is a stable, or a dowager's palace? It is work that you want, and it is much more honorable to work in a stable and be right with God, than to live in the luxuries as a High Priest and be an hypocrite. Labor, it has always been an object of my admiration, though, labor is set forth as a part of the primeval curse, "in the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread" and doubtless there is a view of labor which exhibits in it reality as a heavy, sometimes a crueling burden. But labor is by no means exclusively an evil, nor is its prosecution a dishonor.

These impressions, false though they are, have wrought a vast and complicated amount of harm to men, especially to the industrious classes, causing these classes, that is, the great majority of our fellow-creatures, to be regarded, and consequently to be treated even in Christian lands, as a parish caste, as hereditary "hewers of wood and drawers of water"

doomed by Providence, if not primarily by the Creator himself, to a low and degrading yoke, and utterly incapable of entertaining lofty sentiments, or rising to a higher position; to be restrained therefore in every manifestation of impatience lest they should temporarily gain the upper hand, and lay waste the fair fields of civilization; and to be kept under for the safety of society, if not for their own safety, by social burdens and the depressing influences of disregard and contempt.

A better feeling, however, regarding labor and laborers, is beginning to prevail: these motions, which breathe the very spirit of slavery whence they are borrowed, are in a word dishonored, while they are gradually losing their hold on the heart, and their influence on the life. Individuals arising from time to time from the lowest levels of social life to take, occupy, and adorn its loftiest posts, have irresistibly shown that there is no depression in society which the favors of God may not reach. Especially has a wider and more humane spirit begun to prevail since man has learned more accurately to know, and more powerfully to feel, the genius and the spirit of the Gospel, whose originator was a carpenter's son, and whose heralds were Galilean fishermen. Reason and experience too, in this as in all cases, have come to revealed truth, tending forcibly to show that labor, if under certain circumstances it has a curse to inflict, has also many priceless blessings to bestow. Yet, when it fell to my lot, to submit myself in that class and be a laborer and earn my

bread by the sweat of my brow, it was a critical moment to decide upon. And just at this moment a man of small stature came out of the stable, and as I looked suspiciously, he asked me if I wanted anything. I want this job said I, showing to him the ad in the paper. With a few sharp glances at me standing now like a marble; all right, he said; you just put on your working clothes and come here on Monday morning at 5 a. m., and we will have something for you to do. I left him and on my way back home I entered the first clothing store and purchased an outfit of working-man's clothes. The next day was Sunday and I spent the day in my room, praying that God would sustain me in my new career. At night I had very little sleep, making my plans for the future, or building my castles in the air, and early Monday morning I was at the stable before 5 a. m. Soon the little man appeared and after the customary ceremony in taking my name and address, he led the way into the inner part of the stable in front of a huge heap of horse manure. There, he says, you just shovel that out of the window, and handing to me a big fork, for the operation, he disappeared.

There are certain happenings in our lives indelibly written in our memory, which cannot be effaced by the stream of time, and one week's experience in this stable was sufficient to engrave the deepest lines in my heart of sympathy and mercy for sinful, suffering humanity. It has been said in the old Greek mythology that the greatest achievement of Hercules was



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Captain of the Salvation Army

when he undertook to clean the stable of the king Augeus at Argos. But should Hercules lived in this stable for one week, I doubt that his name would ever appear in the list of demigods.

It is beyond the limits of self respect to even attempt a brief account of all that took place in that stable, but sufficient to say that I went in there one individual and by Saturday I came out ten thousand strong. And I had to put up in St. Louis one more week in a bath house, with much work and expense to get back into my one individual, and hasten my wandering steps towards Chicago, with a stop-over at Springfield, Illinois, where I had references to meet a gentleman, professor of the Greek language in one of the colleges there. When I arrived at the house of the dear professor, he, began to speak to me from a book, in an exometer homerean tone, and I understood about as much as the faithful who goes to church and the priest reads the mass in Latin. At Springfield I lost my satchel and with it my Greek documents, which might have been very interesting to the reader, yet, I hope in my next publication to have reproductions of those documents from the original, which I can easily obtain from Athens.

Chicago is my next stop. The Babylon of the West. Last week of January, 1904, the weather 12 degrees below zero. All the idles of Chicago hired by the city hall could not keep control of the snow on the streets. I located myself in a furnished room on Wabash Avenue, and bought a paper to find a job, but my experience in the stable at St. Louis,

took away from me all the courage to select any kind of work from the paper, yet I was very anxious to settle for a while in Chicago, in that third cosmopolitan city of the world, London and New York being respectively first and second.

Chicago offers great opportunity to a student of religious, industrial and social conditions, and when, by chance, I secured employment in a leading warehouse, a very good paying position, under the circumstances, I devoted all my spare time visiting the Greek quarters, incognito, and studying everything that came within my observation, and attending all kinds of public meetings of various denominations and societies, which proved a great help to me in learning the proper pronunciation of the English words, in fact for five years I did not speak five times in the Greek language.

One morning I read in the paper the following announcement: "The Knights Templar of the United States have made their plans to celebrate the 29th triennial conclave of Knights Templar to be held in San Francisco, Cal., September 4 to 9. The occasion will be of universal character, representatives from all the world; and Great Britain will send to this imposing ceremony the highest officials that control the affairs of the chivalric order of Freemasonry in the British Isles. The Earl of Euston, most eminent and supreme grand master of great priory of England and Wales and the dependencies of the British crown, were coming with credentials to represent Edward VII, the king of England." I was

looking forward to my visit to California, since I left New York, but I never expected the time for me to go there would come so soon as it did. I was longing to see a great gathering of Freemasons, of this class of men, that, in every country represents the highest ideals of good citizenship.

With a few days preliminary preparations, I bade good-bye to my employer, and well supplied with recommendations from some influential friends and acquaintances which I had made in Chicago, I saw myself off to California, on the forenoon train, the 25th of June, 1904.

The trip was uneventful, excepting the unbearable heat and dust, especially going through the States of Oklahoma, Arizona and New Mexico, and the number of Indians, which, for the first time in my life I beheld in their own skin living and moving contented as though they still were the dominating race on the continent, with their square faces painted in various colors, wrapped in their blankets, and barefooted, their feet being very much like those of a mud turtle, they were the real thing.

CHAPTER VIII

Honorable Submission

THERE was a time when the Eastern part of the United States looked upon San Francisco as the coming New York of the Pacific Coast, but since the disastrous earthquake in the year 1906, the stream of progress as a great commercial center has been turned rather towards the Northern Pacific Coast, yet San Francisco with its great harbor, the ever increasing commercial developments and number of other advantages, still is a magnificent attraction to the homeseeker, who for the last few years has been very sceptical in his preference on account of existing unfavorable conditions regarding the city's government which is the prey of dishonest politicians. For this and many other reasons I should never make my home within the limits of the city of San Francisco. There are beautiful localities within short distances, desirable in every respect and beyond the claws of the city hall of San Francisco.

Mount Tamalpais, I believe, is a most pleasant location for the lovers of nature. Words fail, and it is beyond the ability of my pen, to even attempt to describe, the beauties which nature has bestowed upon the Mount of Tamalpais. Situated just across the bay of San Francisco, by the way of Socialito,

on the train to Mill Valley and whence on the crookedest railroad in the world, climbing 2000 feet above the tide of water, we reach the lower top of the mountain, and there we find accommodations to entertain kings and princesses, and the most eccentric Yankee. Yet, I am assured, that scarcely one-tenth of the visitors to California, have ever had the exceptional privilege to spend 24 hours, on the top of Mount Tamalpais, and thereafter all through their lives enjoy the most wonderful recollection in all God's creation.

The Alps in Europe are too stupendous to be compared with this majestically magnificent mount of Tamalpais. The Himalaya in Asia are too brutish to be considered as a rival of this gentle and illustrious sky-scraper. The Olympus and Parnassus of Greece are out of season to be paralleled with this up-to-date marvelous throne of their Majesties the Kings of America. There is the Tamalpais Hotel, a real palace, where the guests can rest and from the verandas or the windows of their own rooms observe the animating sights on the left hand side the snow-covered top-heads of the mountains and following to the right look down upon the valleys and behold the myriads of orange and lemon and all the fruit-bearing trees blooming all the year around and decorated like brides in their wedding procession, not only for a few moments, till the law ties the knot, but forever as long as the life-giving climate of beautiful California lasts and time shall be no more.

When I went up to the Mountain, looking for

employment, because I wanted to locate myself in such a place, if I could, till the celebration of the Knights Templar was over, I was surprised to find that the General Manager of the Hotel and the R. R. Station was a lady, of a striking majestic appearance, she was the controlling power of the whole business on Mount Tamalpais, and she was not a suffragette either. But she was a loving mother of two beautiful children, a typical Yankee girl, well up in her teens, supervising over the chambermaids, and variously assisting her mother, and an active boy of sixteen, the good-fellow of everybody, and especially to the Chinamen employed in the kitchen. Mr. Johnson was the husband and father of this happy family, and he occupied the position of butler of the house, receiving orders from his beloved wife.

I presented my credentials to Mrs. Johnson and she, being satisfied, was very kind to give me the charge of two tables to wait upon in the dining room. It seemed as though I made good as a waiter, judging by the coins which the customers, began to forget, beneath their plates, in leaving the table, some call it tips, I called it real money.

September was well at hand, one day old, and Mrs. Johnson was very anxious to have the premises well decorated, and a big arch should be erected at the entrance, with the sign, "WELCOME," to Knights Templar, as news came from San Francisco, that the Knights were already in possession of the Golden Gate. Mrs. Johnson was almost in despair, unable to find someone among that great army of

employees, to have any artistic ideas of decorating or even to make a few flower designs and put up the arch out of some green foliage. We were all green, in that respect. But as I always find myself at hand, wherever help is to be rendered, I offered my services, and by what I could remember from my friend Jack, in New York, how he could decorate everything to a good taste, I have been able to put up a nice decoration and the third of September, 1904, the flags of all nations were waving and everything was ready for the reception of the Knights Templar. Mrs. Johnson was pleased to the extent of presenting me with an extra three dollars and relieving me from the dining room, she appointed me in charge of the pavilion, an out-doors building, where the Knights Templar would privately entertain their families and lady friends. In this position I was enabled to see more of the high American life than I ever dreamed of before. The English Lord, and the Parisien Dame de Honor, were eclipsed as they would look like pygmies by the side of the sunshining, bright-hearted American gentlemen, and the sweet and graceful demigoddess American lady. But my enthusiasm reached its zenith when a gentleman from Pittsburg, in company with his ladies, after an enjoyable dinner, at the pavilion, he left under his plate a shining five dollar gold piece; at the sight of the unexpected I made a sign to which the gentleman was obliged to respond, and that settled it, there was no mistake about it, the man and I were brothers and the coin was intended as my tip. And

afterwards the incident occurred repeatedly during the celebration of Knights Templar in San Francisco.

Now, if everything in this world was just a procession like that of Knights Templar in San Francisco, and everybody was happy as the people I have seen on Mount Tamalpais, then there would be no sorrow, and there would be no pain; in fact this world would be the paradise on earth. But, alas! regretful as it may be, yet it is only the simple truth, that it is only the minority that are real happy, while the vast majority of men and women and children in this world are just a mass of suffering humanity, and if the investigations of religious societies, sociologists, and psychologists, are true, the cause of all misery in this world is misconduct or misfortune, which in one word is, sin, that brings misery. And there is where my purpose in life begins. I am out against sin. But to fight sin, it is absolutely necessary to be a soldier of the man who gave his life for the salvation of all mankind.

President Emeritus Eliot of Harvard University, a man of colossal thought-machine, man, who controls the unprejudiced intellectual minds of America, in his address on "The Religion of the Future," is quoted as saying: "I venture to add that I am not at the hold of any proud world—whatever; second, that such little part of the world as I am best acquainted with loves the Lowly Nazarene—and does not hate Him; thirdly, that I have met during my life most of the sorrows which are accounted heav-

iest; fourth, that Jesus will be in the religion of the future, not less, but more, than in the Christianity of the past." All efforts without Jesus, trying to better the world, shall fail. It is and will be the opinion of all sane minds for many generations yet to come. This was my opinion and the only imposing motive that brought me down on my knees on the 14th of October, 1904, in a poorly furnished hall where the Salvation Army had the Sunday night's meeting. I gave my heart to Jesus, for life and for eternity, to be his and his alone. And I knew, there and then, that I was honorably converted.

To make the surrender complete I offered my services to the Salvation Army, that I should use all I had, my time and my talent, to uplift the down-fallen humanity and help to make this world better. Major Harris Connett and Adjutant Allison Coe, were the officers in charge of the Los Angeles Salvation Army and they received me into their ranks and for ten months I was engaged in this wonderful organization, visiting the sick, praying in the saloons, in the slums and everywhere doing all that I could to promote the cause of Jesus in bringing souls into his fold. But nothing gave me so great pleasure as the poor children of Los Angeles at Christmas time when I was dressed in the Santa Claus clothing distributing presents to them. I never felt happier in all my life even in the best days as a High Priest.

After passing successfully my preparatory studies in Los Angeles, word came from the Headquarters that they wanted me in the college Training Home,

in Chicago, to take the course of officership; and the 15th of August, 1905, finds me sweeping the back yard at the Training Home, West Adams St., Chicago, Illinois.

Were it possible for every man and woman who pretends to be a minister of Jesus, to pass six months in any of the Training Colleges of the Salvation Army, then there should be fewer ministers, but far more useful, in the betterment of the world, than many of them that are under the present conditions.

It is the most psychological system, in these Training Colleges that brings out all the virtues that every heart possesses and every bit of iniquity that may be hidden in the personal character of the man or woman who willingly denies himself or herself of all prospects and pleasures in this world just for the only purpose to live and love and serve the suffering humanity. There are exceptions to the rule among the officers of the Salvation Army, once in a great while some one will prove unworthy to the cause, but these exceptions are common in every human institution, and they are so few in the Salvation Army that fully justifies the public confidence upon this marvelously developing great movement.

I went through the theoretical and practical work for which I could make a whole volume of the experiences in the slums of Chicago, where I had to reprove a policeman, whom I found in a saloon drinking in full uniform, while in the back room there was a girl not over fifteen years old, in the company of a most reckless middle-aged man, both exceedingly

intoxicated and still drinking. I dismissed the man, and sent the girl to the rescue home, where she would be taken care of.

The 17th of January, 1906, I received my diploma as an active member of the National First Aid Association of America, and my commission as a Captain in the Salvation Army, and I was appointed in charge of No. 4 in Chicago. I went to my quarters and there was not kindling wood enough to start a fire, and no coal; and the weather 14 degrees below zero, half the glass panes of the windows broken, and everything in the house frozen, and the Corps indebted to the extent of 175 dollars, that I was expected to pay. You have to put yourself in a position of this kind in order to appreciate the circumstances under which I was placed. Yet, when everything seems dark, and there is no visible way out of the difficulty, it is then that with Jesus on our side, we shall always find some way. The first consideration in a missionary work should be to get souls converted to God. With much prayer and great faith upon the Almighty, I began my work, and when the Spirit spread all round that community and the sinners began to flock into the fold of Jesus, there was a change in a very short time. The old debt was paid, and we had comfortable quarters to lay our heads; and the roll-call of the Corps increased, and God was glorified, and there is a Corps, till this day, in Chicago, which they call the big 4 of the Salvation Army.

The San Francisco disaster came and the Salva-

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tion Army called me into its relieving department to help the sufferers. After which they appointed me assistant to the Illinois Division, where for two years I made a deeper and more thorough study of the various departments in operation.

In April, 1908, I visited England with the desire to study closer and more extensively the methods, and see for myself the great works which the Salvation Army has accomplished in the British Isles.

On my return to the United States I was appointed divisional solicitor for the Northern New England, where, splendid success was the result of my efforts, and there was a great field to work in and every opportunity to do good.

But in searching my heart's ambition I find that it was high time for me to turn all my energies toward the people for whose Salvation I was ordained a High Priest in the Church, and although the Church failed in its mission, yet, to uplift my people is still the aim of my life.

After much thought and due consideration of my obligations to the Salvation Army, I came to the conclusion that in view of the fact that following an unsuccessful correspondence with the Salvation Army, the National Headquarters refused to grant me a leave of absence, and insisted that I should go back West, while I knew that the field where I was called to fight the battle of my life was right here in New England, the best thing for me to do remained to send in my resignation, and I did so, thus thrusting myself entirely upon the hands of God.

And though as yet I have received no reply from the National Headquarters, my resignation is final, and now I am free, and my work unmolested of all denominational differences, dogmas and doctrines, which in the light of the Ecclesiastical history has always been the fatal cause of failure, in the Churches, to accomplish their mission in the Salvation of the world.

CHAPTER IX

Practical Effects of Practical Truth

THE necessity of faith, as a primary element in all acceptable religious exercises, has already been noticed. A feeling of entire dependence upon God for spiritual mercy is the only right feeling, because it is the only true feeling. It is necessary, according to the foregoing view of the subject, in order to offer acceptable prayer, that man should possess a spirit of faith and dependence upon Christ. The principle upon which Christ acted in relation to this subject, as well as His instruction concerning the duty of prayer, fully confirm the preceding thoughts. He seldom performed an act of mercy, by miracle or otherwise, unless those who received the mercy could see the hand of God in the blessing:—"If thou canst believe, thou mayest be cleansed," was His habitual sentiment. As if He had said—Your desire for the blessing is manifest by your urgent request; now, if you can have faith to see God in the blessing, so that He will be honored and praised for conferring it, I will grant it; but if you have no faith, you can receive no favor.

This little book could easily occupy thrice as large a size as its present volume, had I taken into ac-

count all the blessings which God has bestowed upon my faithful prayers and upon His children, using me as an instrument of His hand. But I must content myself by referring to only two cases, which had had exceptional significance and gratifying joy not only to my own heart, but to every Christian worker.

With the individuals spoken of I am well acquainted, having frequently conversed with them all on the subjects of which I shall speak. Their words in these cases may not have been exactly remembered, but the sense is truly given.

The first case, is a story, told all by itself, and the second case, is a letter of a dear girl, whose mother was a down to the bone Roman Catholic. The daughter accidentally came to our meeting and gave her heart to Jesus. The mother thinking that the worldly pleasures might drive her newly converted daughter away from Jesus, and being very anxious to get her daughter back into the Catholic parish, she gave a party to all the young people from the same parish. And there was plenty of song and dance, but the daughter did not show up. The mother with a number of the guests went into the daughter's room where the girl in seclusion was reading her Bible; the young people almost carrying her into the reception hall, sat her upon the stool in front of the piano, earnestly asking her to play for them while they were dancing. But, the girl, lifting up to God her angelic heart and voice, she began to play and sing, softly "Nearer My God To

Thee," the tears streaming down her cheeks; they were tears of joy for the saved girl, but the young people could not stand it and they ran away, while the converted girl bended on her knees in prayer for them, and her own mother's salvation.

Case 1.—For love of the Christ:—John Davis was the only child of a Chicago banker. The wealth and social prominence of his father had surrounded him with every comfort and luxury, and his growth from boyhood to incipient manhood had been tenderly watched over by his fond parents.

All the hopes of his parents were centered in their only child. Mr. Davis looked forward to the time when John would become his partner, and that his son might be fitted in every way, engaged the best tutors procurable to attend to his education. John had graduated with honors after four years of college work, which was marked by the thorough and earnest application on his part. His father watched his progress with growing pride and with fullest confidence in his son's ability, arranged to take him into partnership at the proper time.

Seemingly the future for John was one of brilliant promise. But John did not show an eager anticipation for the future as planned for him. A life devoted to business was to him a selfish one. Something within him was insistently calling him to a higher vocation; although apparently acquiescing to his father's plans, the prospect daily became more and more distasteful to him.

From his mother, a woman of singular devout-

sponded Mr. Davis, "you may begin at once if you so desire. Your mother and I thought, however, that you were entitled to a vacation after your college work. However we can use you at the bank the moment you are ready," laughed Mr. Davis.

"That is just what I desire to talk over with you, father," returned John. "For weeks I have felt that the future you have designed for me is too narrow—too selfish. With my Master's Call sounding in my ears, the thought of devoting my life to any business, however high its position in the eyes of the world, is intolerably repugnant.

"I know how firmly your heart has been set upon my joining you in business, and I cannot tell you how hard it is for me to disappoint you at this late hour, but Christ has called me to preach to His people. I feel and know that only in so doing shall I find true happiness and contentment.

"You surely, father, will not oppose my doing that which every fibre of my body tells me is my duty."

The eyes of Mrs. Davis filled with glad tears, and a prayer for Divine guidance for her son went up from her heart; but annoyance and displeasure plainly showed on Mr. Davis' face. At length he said:

"I had thought it definitely settled that you were to assist me, and on the strength of that belief I have made several important changes in my business with the view of affording a proper position for you. Your decision declining to accept it will inconvenience me not a little.

"With all due consideration for your religious beliefs, I feel it my duty as your father, John, to express my disappointment of the profession you at present seem inclined to adopt. However you are entering man's estate, and it is for you to decide as to your career. I shall, however, insist upon one thing: that you take a good vacation before making your final decision.

"If, upon your return you are of the same mind, I shall not oppose you, although to speak frankly, John, I am not a little disappointed.

"Anyway a good western trip will greatly benefit you, and I shall not be at all surprised if on your return your conception of your duty has undergone important modifications." As if signifying that he desired to discuss the subject no farther, Mr. Davis rose and left the room.

Keenly feeling his father's disappointment and displeasure, John instinctively turned to his mother for sympathy. Mrs. Davis stepped to his side and with a fond caress said:

"Thank God you have made this choice; I shall do all in my power to help you."

"Thank you, mother dear. I believe you understand me, and know how sincere is my desire to do what I can for my fellow men.

"I do so long to lead some of them to Christ; for many are wandering in darkness, just waiting for some one to reach them a helping hand.

"In deference to father's wishes I shall take a vacation; though it can by no possibility alter my

determination. On my return I shall begin active work without delay.

"I have education enough to preach the simple truths of God's love. I wish to preach to sinners, not to saints. I shall ask no salary and have no denomination. My Church will be Christ."

After tenderly embracing his mother, during which the souls of mother and son united in a prayer to the Most High, John bade her "Good night" and retired.

The following week found John on his way to South Dakota, his plan being to make his first stop of any length at Aberdeen.

He arrived there at night and the following morning mounted his bicycle for a trip through the surrounding country.

It was a new world to him. His first thought was: how splendid the roads were for wheeling, they seemed even better than the paved streets of the city.

He cast his eyes over his surroundings. On all sides was the vast expanse of prairie, ending only in the horizon—the fields of grass and grain, moving in the wind like the waves of the sea; overhead the blue sky, stretching out in a dome unbroken by hill or forest. The sun above him seemed to shine with a brighter splendor than he had before known.

The beauties of nature filled the soul of this city-bred youth with wonder and admiration.

He rode on and on.

At one moment the joyous song of a lark capti-

vated him; at another, the capering of some colts, or a sleek herd of cattle quietly grazing in a nearby pasture attracted his attention; or a colony of prairie gophers which dived excitedly into their burrows at his approach, amused him with their antics.

At last he began to wonder how far he had gone.

Seeing nearby a large, well kept farm-house, he rode up to it, to procure such rest and refreshment as it might afford him, before undertaking his long ride back to town.

His knock at the door was answered by a beautiful girl, apparently about fifteen years of age. John explained his errand to her, and requested such courtesies as could be granted without putting the people of the house to undue inconvenience.

The girl expressed her regrets that her parents were away in town, but saying that she expected them home very soon, she invited him in, and ushered him into a cool, spacious sitting-room.

Mutual introductions followed and John learned that the name of his fair young hostess was Lily Long, "but," said she, with a slight blush, "father calls me the Queen of the Prairie."

They visited together for some little time, until Lily, exclaiming that her father and mother were coming, went out to greet them.

Left to himself, John glanced around him.

An old-fashioned piano stood in one corner of the room. He noted also an ample, well filled book-case at one end of the room.

"Music, books, and Prairie Queen. If this is a

typical example of country life, I must say that I rather like it."

Mr. and Mrs. Long greeted him heartily and gave him a cordial invitation to stay to dinner—an invitation which he gratefully accepted.

And what a dinner it was; vegetables fresh gathered from the garden in abundance; fried chicken prepared as only a farmer's wife can prepare it; and the countless other good things which go to make dinner on the farm. To this dinner John brought an appetite sharpened by his brisk morning ride; he did full justice to the tempting viands, nor could he remember so thoroughly enjoying a dinner before.

Everything on the farm was so clean and well arranged that John began to wish he could board there instead of in town during the remainder of his visit; so when they had adjourned to the sitting-room, he informed Mr. Long of his wish, and asked if it were possible.

"But before you answer me," he added, "I should like to make myself better known to you."

Then he told them of his father and mother, of his own youth, and of his college life. A natural question on the part of Mr. Long as to what brought him so far West led to an explanation from John, who presently found himself telling his new-found friends his future plans and ambitions.

"My boy," said Mr. Long, reaching out his hand, "I honor you for your choice. You are welcome to share our home as long as you care to stay."

Mrs. Long wiped her eyes as she pressed John to

stay with them, for she thought of her own son whom God had called home.

Lily must have been thinking of him too, for she said: "I am glad you are going to stay, for then I can play you are my brother."

"I certainly shall be proud to be your brother," John answered gallantly.

That evening when the family gathered for prayers, Lily took her seat at the old piano. Then John realized why they called her "Queen," for never had he heard such a magnificent voice, so sweet, so soft, and so full of feeling. It seemed as though she carried them nearer Heaven with her song.

Before John retired he wrote to his mother, telling her of the home he had found, and of "The Queen of the Prairie." This rather amused Mrs. Davis, for hitherto, John had had little to say in praise of young ladies, although he was a favorite among them.

The summer passed merrily on, and John's vacation was drawing near its close, when one morning he received a telegram telling him that his mother was dangerously sick. The message filled him with anxious foreboding, and he quickly prepared to return home at once.

Tears were on Mrs. Long's cheeks as she helped him pack, for she had not realized before to what an extent John had taken her own boy's place in her heart. His own eyes were moist as he bade her farewell, promising to return as soon as possible.

Mr. Long was ready with a team to drive him to

town, and Lily was standing beside her father. She raised a tear-stained face to him, and said: "Good-bye, dear brother, we shall miss you."

John was not ashamed of his own tears, for this little girl who called him "Brother," had grown dearer to him than all the world. He stooped and reverently kissed her snow white brow, then sprang in the buggy and was gone.

When John reached home, his father met him at the door. Mr. Davis' face was ghastly pale; he had grown old with grief.

John's eyes asked the question his lips could not frame.

"She still lives, but the doctor says she cannot last long," said his father in answer to his son's mute appeal.

"She is paralyzed. She will probably recognize you, but she can neither speak nor move."

Without speaking John went to his mother's bedside, and saw that this was indeed true. His mother lay as one dead. A faint spark of recognition showed in her fast dimming eyes as he approached but other signs of life there were none.

Overcome with grief, John stood motionless at the bedside.

Then in agony he turned to Him who faileth not, he fell on his knees and prayed reverently for his mother's recovery.

His father tried to lead him away, but John continued to pray.

Then suddenly in that hour of anguish the grief-

stricken man found his God. Kneeling at his son's side, he implored mercy from Him whom hitherto he had denied.

All at once Mrs. Davis spoke, "My son."

The doctor hastened to her side.

In a moment he turned to Mr. Davis and said, "She is better, she will live."

Dr. Gordon was an unbeliever, but at that moment he realized that something had control of life, which could act after science had failed.

He looked at John who had not yet risen from his knees, at Mr. Davis who was pouring out thanks to the God he had just found, then at the woman who had been saved at the point of death.

Like a flash came to him the knowledge of a merciful Christ, and he joined the father and son in their prayer of thanksgiving.

Mrs. Davis rapidly recovered her health, and John soon entered upon his life work. He received hearty encouragement from his father this time, for Mr. Davis had learned the Truth and found his God at the bedside of his dying wife in such a way as to leave no place in his heart for opposition to work in His service.

John's work was among the poor. He visited from house to house, preaching and praying, and extending material help when such help was most needed.

His sincerity and earnestness were the means of bringing light into many darkened lives, and the message of Christ crucified was eagerly received in response to his pleadings.

At one broken-down house he was met by a frail woman who carried a half-starved child in her arms. It was plainly apparent that in better days she had been a handsome and refined woman.

John introduced himself and asked if he could be of any help to her.

"No," she answered, "I am afraid you cannot aid me. I am Rose Williams. My father is a man of wealth. He is living today in luxury in a neighboring city, and if I would leave my husband I could be clothed in silk and satin instead of these rags, but as long as I stay with him, my father will not help me, not even to keep me from starving. But I would rather starve with my husband than leave him to kill himself with drink, for I love him.

"Drink is the cause of all my poverty and misery. Oh, if Ralph would only let it alone."

She ended her story in a frenzied cry which plainly showed the tension to which she had been wrought, but John's voice was low and soothing as he said, "Suppose you and I pray for your husband. I have great faith in the power of prayer. Shall we not pray together?"

Together they knelt down, and offered up an earnest prayer. Mrs. Williams spoke in low tones at first, then with great excitement. At last she tried to rise, but fell in a swoon on the floor. John placed her on a couch in the room and sent at once for Dr. Gordon.

After his examination, Dr. Gordon looked serious.

"This is going to be a bad case of brain fever,



REV. M. GOLDEN
The Founder of the Greek-Amerikan-Christian-Association

John. From all appearances it has been hastened by lack of proper food, but she may pull through if she has proper care."

John saw that the service of the physician was only part of what was needed for the woman's safety.

He went out and procured bedding and food, and his mother sent over one of her maids, also a trained nurse.

Soon things were made comfortable for Mrs. Williams, but she could not rest.

In her delirium she called continually for Ralph to come home and bring her something to eat.

And where was Ralph? For three days he had been laying in a drunken stupor in the cellar of a saloon, but this evening he had sobered somewhat, and remorse for his cruel neglect of his wife and children was finding a place in his heart. He recalled the starving condition in which he had left them.

Perhaps for the first time he began to realize how dearly his wife must love him to give up the pleasure and luxury of her girlhood home for him, and there in that room not fit for cattle, this man cried out in his anguish, "Oh, God, protect my wife and forgive me."

He started at once for home but as he neared the house his heart was filled with fear, his head began to whirl. Where was Rose? Why was everything so still?

He opened the door and was met by a little girl dressed in white and with golden curls.

How beautiful she was; she ran to him and cried, "Papa has come, Papa has come!"

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Then he knew she was his own little daughter.

She led him to the bed on which lay his wife, but the only words which greeted him were, "Ralph come home and bring us something to eat."

He called her name but she heard him not.

Again he spoke: "Dear Rose, forgive me, forgive me."

Dr. Gordon laid his hand on the shoulder of the stricken man and said: "Ask your God to forgive you, your wife knows not what you say."

He looked at the doctor a moment, then said in a low voice, "I did that before I started home. God has forgiven me and saved me. But tell me what I can do for my poor wife."

It was indeed true, Ralph Williams was a changed man. The God who had heard the prayers of the father and son at the dying woman's bedside, and restored her to them, vouchsafed his mercy to the starving wife who prayed for her drink-sodden husband, and in answer to it the dulled conscience of the husband was aroused.

Slowly Mrs. Williams improved, until one morning she said: "Is this Heaven, and are Ralph and my children here?"

"Yes, Rose," her husband replied, "Ralph and the children are here, and henceforth I will do all I can to make this home Heaven on earth."

* * * * *

The years rolling by saw John still fighting the fight for his Maker. Out of the gratitude Ralph Williams had felt for the Divine mercy shown him,

had sprung a determination to do all in his power towards uplifting others. John eagerly accepted his services, and thus the nucleus of a rapidly growing power for good was formed.

As more and more came to know the meaning of "Christ Crucified," they entered heart and soul into the work of spreading the truth to others and soon a mighty cohort of Christian workers spread over the city. Individually and with them John labored night and day sustained by his faith and enthusiasm.

The work of directing the efforts of so many, the nightly vigil at the bedside of sick and dying, the continual breathing of the vitiated air of the lower quarters of the city, gradually sapped the strength of John, who did not know the meaning of fatigue when a call on the service of his Christ sounded.

At last an attack of nervous prostration made him realize his position, and yielding to the importunities of his parents and fellow-workers, he consented to take a vacation.

Where should he go but to the broad, sunny prairies of Dakota, to his dearly remembered friends, the Longs and Lily.

She met him with outstretched arms and a glad smile of welcome. With the glory of dawning womanhood about her she was more than ever the "Queen of the Prairie," but by the soft light in her eyes John saw that she was still his Lily.

During the long pleasant vacation which followed, John gained strength and vigor once more, and its close found him ably equipped to take up Christ's work once more.

Mr. and Mrs. Long were doubly sorrowful at their second parting from him, for his heart had found its mate and Lily was accompanying him.

He had gained a lovely bride, and more than that, an enthusiastic helpmate.

Together they took up the work where John had left it. Ere long the erstwhile "Queen of the Prairie" was known as "Angel of the Poor," for her womanly sympathy could often find its way into darkness which even John's earnestness failed to penetrate.

One Friday night they both came to take part in our holiness meeting, and the Spirit revealed to them that should they submit all their powers unreservedly to the will of God, He could use them to still higher and more effective purposes of the cause of Jesus. So, John and Lily, side by side, came out at the altar and offered their lives and their services to Jesus for time and for eternity, they, becoming active members in my corps, and a great blessing to the suffering humanity in that community.

Case 2.—The following letter was received from the girl already mentioned, as the daughter of a Roman Catholic woman, who tried to drive her converted daughter, by the worldly pleasures, away from Jesus:

"Chicago, Ill., Oct. 5, 1906.

Captain Golden,

Salvation Army.

Dear Friend:

I feel that I must let you know what the Lord has done for me, 'through you.'

Why I ever went to the Salvation Army meeting is more than I know, because I have always been told that the Salvation Army was nothing more than street beggars and a great deal more.

So I never went to their meetings until I went to No. 4, and I do sincerely thank God that I went, because now I can see how far from the Lord I was wandering and so unintentionally because I never meant to be a sinner, but I just wanted to have a good time. But now, I can see where some of those good times lead us.

Captain, I often think how brave you must have been to go on with the work at No. 4, with so little help, 'that is, earthly help.' I am sorry that I could not help you, but you see I was not brave like you. I could not talk about Jesus to those who scoffed, but I do want Jesus to help me and strengthen me to do His will. Captain, do you know there is a song that always come to me when I am in any difficulty, 'Lead Me Saviour.'

Yours sincerely,
FLOY MAYHEN,
2207, 63d St., Chicago."

It is simply wonderful, that there is no one to lead us like the Saviour, dear Jesus. Who died on Calvary's Cross for our redemption. And now, dear reader, just a word to you. This volume is written for you; if you are a converted Christian enjoying the blessings of a clean heart, indeed, blessed you are, for "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall

see God." But, if for some reason, if there can be a reason for not being saved, you kept back until this hour, I pray that you may go down upon your knees, at this very moment, just as you are, and open your heart to God, and let Jesus come in: and I know and you will know that the remaining days of your life will be sweet and happy; and when the roll is called up yonder you'll be there, in a robe of white with the angels in the air to meet the Lamb of God, Who will say unto all that loved Him and worked for Him, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of Thy Lord."



GREEK PEASANT WOMAN

CHAPTER X

Greek-American-Christian-Association

IT is said, by Him who never told a lie, that every tree is known by its own fruit, and the confirmation of the statement is conclusive to the student of natural and human history.

It was an idea of King Maximilian of Bavaria, to transmit to history a reminder of his reign. He instructed the architects of Germany to design a new style to be named after him. Such a style of Maximilianesque was created. An architect—it was Semper, if I am not mistaken—when asked to take a part in this creation of the so-called Maximilian style, answered that such a thing could not be made to order, that a style of building is the consequence of the history, the culture, life, and doings of a great period of people. If such be the case with a style of architecture, how much more must it be the case in regard to religion?

The history of this style of Maximilian's is, that it has no history, and consequently all efforts of pursuing eminent architects to adopt the Maximilian style failed. This short history is that of the attempts to create a very much needed world religion.

It is not the dogma nor the doctrines or the profession that will make it possible for all right thinking minds to unite efforts in building a universal religion, sufficient to satisfy the intellectual want of every people and of every time. Attempts, all-powerful, such as Papism and Mohammedanism, failed in their egotistic purposes to enforce upon the world an exotic structure. Neither the fires of Torquemadas, nor the sword of Islam could deter the bravery of civilization. The blood that was spilled by the millions of martyrs of the lowly Nazarene served to make the history of the man who died upon the Cross, more effective and heartfelt world-need for the only aristurgimatical shrine in which all human families may live in peace and prosperity.

At a time when the world was imperilled by the treatment accorded to Galileo for believing in the motion of the earth; and though 69 years of age he was cast, by the tools of Vatican, into a dungeon, where he lost his sight and ultimately his life; and Copernicus was facing the same fate, for accomplishing a noble astronomical discovery; and Martin Luther was persecuted by the Roman Catholic church, for trying to bring the people nearer to God. The Greeks, a brave people, who, in the face of starvation, for lack of food, and horrified by the sword of the conqueror, dishonored in their holiest sacreds, pure maidens slain after being used in the most beastly way, mothers put to death after their children were torn off into shreds of flesh under the sword of the barbarous Turk, young people and old

aged having no rescuing place to escape from horror and death; when all crowned heads of Europe should bow on their knees and kiss the slipper of the holy father before they could attain their rights to the throne of their own kingdoms; when all the known world was trembling equally in the name of Mohammed and Pope, these people (the Greeks) stood up, and with all the strength that was left in their lungs, they cried out, "we prefer political slavery rather than to be the slaves of the Pope," and for more than three centuries the Greeks suffered such a martyrdom which if only printed it would be more than a human heart could bear.

The history of Greece shall remain until the end of time, and as the peoples of the world grow intelligently and intellectually more enlightened they will come to the appreciation of the fact that the Greek people has contributed more material in paving the way to the spiritual freedom and the individual liberty of the world than any other nation on the face of the earth, and that the Greek spirit is still living and ruling in principle in the very heart of the civilized world.

It is essential that every nation in making up the list of its benefactors should give the first place to the most distinguished one. In accordance to the general law the Greek nation of today not only owes its literary language, in part at least, to the exertions of the great patriot Korais, but to him is accredited the prophecy, that, "the Greek nation shall never be great again, unless regenerated in Christ."

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Adamantios Korais was born April 27, 1747, in Smyrna. From early youth he devoted himself to the study of old and new languages. In obedience to his father's wishes, he followed a mercantile career during the year 1772-78, without, however, neglecting the sciences. From 1782-88 he studied medicine in Montpellier and established himself as a practising physician in Paris. From there he worked incessantly for the education of his compatriots, and endeavored to awaken a favorable opinion of his nation in the Occidental countries. In 1800 he received the prize of the Academy for an edition of the writings of Hippocrates, but before this time he had attracted the attention of the world of learning by his ability, and Napoleon the Great conferred upon him many honors and titles and appointed him the medical adviser of the Court. Later on he gained fame by his Greek translation of Beccaria's work on crimes and their punishments. This was followed by a work entitled "*De l'état actuel de la civilization en Grèce*" (Paris, 1803). This was the first publication in Europe which gave true information on the intellectual and moral conditions of the new Greeks. During the period from 1805-27 he published a collection—twenty volumes—of old Greek classics, with critical explanations and prolegomena. In the latter he gave his patriotic teachings and advices. His greatest merit consisted in his promoting the Greek morals and the Greek language; he eliminated as much as possible all foreign elements, but retained all that was good

and useful from all centuries, rejecting the one-sided retention of the old words and forms as not compatible with the understanding of the people. He above all, helped to establish a noble literary language. On account of his old age he could take no part in the rising of his fatherland in 1821, but aided it greatly by his patriotic pen. When Greece had gained her independence he took an active interest in the new formation of his country. In 1830-31 he attacked the government of Kapodistria in two publications. He died in 1833. His autobiography appeared in Paris in the same year. The name of Adamantios Korais will never die from the memory of every patriot Greek, and yet his sincere opinion that "the Greek nation shall never be great again, unless regenerated in Christ," had little effect upon the hearts of the people, or rather upon the hearts of the leaders of the people.

Great nations have failed, and in every case it was the government's corruption and neglect of duty that caused the sufferings and failures, of which the political history is too abounding and too accessible to be quoted. We only mention the Greek nation, perhaps the greatest and most illustrious of all nations that ever failed in their political career, because we are well informed and personally acquainted with the details that brought this formerly world-wide respected and valued gem of civilization into insignificance in the eye of the scornful, and a plaything in the hands of the so-called great powers of Europe.

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In the year of 1902, while I was a High Priest, Archimandrites, grand representative of the Saint Mary's Monastery, Salamis; Orator and Grand Chaplain of the Supreme Council of Greece; and confessor in the most exclusive societies of Athens, hearing confessions and granting absolutions; the following incident, which is published for the first time, and only in parts that are printable, brought me to a final decision, that I should leave my home, my loved ones, and all the flourishing prospects to be a Bishop, with all the comforts and luxuries attached to a Bishopric, just because I had witnessed a few scenes of the manifold political plots that caused the downfall of my own nation, and my own people scattered to the four corners of the world, wandering, struggling for their existence, while Greece, the land of the Gods, and the home of art and beauty, was left in the hands of a few parasites, strangers and unsympathetic feudals who have shown no mercy in straining every material and spiritual bit from the people that still honors them as their kings and sovereigns.

At the time spoken of, there was an open secret to every well informed Greek that the Queen of Greece, Olga, had been the tool of the Russian bureaucracy, trying by means of religious influences to keep the Greeks under the Russian political control; that the Queen Olga paid the expenses for the education of a monk, who, on his return from Russia, where he was graduated from the theological academies of Kiev and Moskow, became the Queen's

personal confessor, and afterwards by the Queen's very earnest and almost scandalous activities that monk was raised to the Metropolitan Throne of Athens, which position placed him at the head of the Greek Church, and made him the President of the Holy Synod of Greece.

The Metropolitan Throne of Athens is the highest and most exalted position that a mortal Greek could approach, and it is, in fact, the next to the King's Throne, most influential occupation, and more powerful, even than the Royal Throne, because, the Metropolitte of Athens is the spiritual leader of all Greeks.

There was plenty of rejoicing in the Queen's camarilla, at the installation of Procopios (that was the name of the monk) as the Metropolitte of Athens, and every effort, Queen Olga leading the fight, had gone forth to assure a complete victory for the Russian bureaucracy, over the few remaining unspoiled patriotic Greeks.

All the characteristics of a civil war were enacted in the streets of Athens when Queen Olga attempted to enforce upon the Greek people a new inferior language in their Bibles, and in their holy mass—a language, which the Greek people considered as a means to confound their historical and religious customs and habits and subdue them into a Russian spiritual dependency. Against the attempt there was the very best element of the Greek scholars. Adamantios Korais fought the fight, 100 years before this attempt was made, and he distinctly and clearly made

it understood that the Attic Greek language has been, it is and must be the safeguard of all that is beautiful in the Greek history.

Faithful to their traditions the Greeks of the present generation fought and won a triumphant victory. The innocent blood of the people that was slain on the streets of Athens by orders from the Royal Palace, have wrote with indelible letters, the anathema, which, frenzied mothers in the sight of their assassinated sons, and overwhelmed in grief, cried against Queen Olga, and her crown all but torn to pieces by the wronged multitudes.

Within 24 hours from that terrible bloody day, that will remain an indelible stigma in the history of Queen Olga's life, the most exalted Metropolit Procopios was a fallen ragmuffin and the most hated person in all Greece. And when every one of his colleagues deserted him and the King and Queen shut their door in his face, leaving him a pitiful victim of the political plots to save the royal skin, and while there was no visible friend to give him a helping hand when fallen from the Metropolitan Throne, and while this monk-metropolit Procopios, in all his glorious days had been a profound enemy against every honest effort, especially against young priests who refused to serve his unlawful appetites, and my own experience with this monk-metropolit Procopios is not of the kind to be printed, yet, it was I who put my own life in a probable danger to save him from the mob, that was ready to attack him, and probably kill him, the day after I made his escape possible

into the Saint Mary's Monastery, Salamis, where at the time I was Archimandrites.

Procopios, in the opinion of his own friends, was the last man in the Greek priesthood, qualified to occupy the Metropolitan Throne of Athens, and totally lost his will power when he became Metropolitane by Royal favor. There was an organized clique around the Metropolitan mansion, but the controlling power should be located within the walls of the Royal Palace. Procopios was only an instrument transmitting orders. And if I was allowed to publish all that Procopios himself told me, in Salamis, it would make the Greek people sit up and take notice, but in my vows as confessor I have to carry the confession of the fallen Metropolitane Procopios with me to my grave, unless the need arises to serve the best interests of my beloved country. It was his last confession upon the earth. He died and went there, where, at the great Judgment Day, he, surely will give account for all his deeds done in the body.

For the first time in the ecclesiastical history of the Greek Kingdom, a Metropolitane abdicated from his throne, rejected by his closest friends, helpless under the anathema of the people, above whom he was called to be the spiritual leader, his life imperilled by the injured public sentiment, Procopios, left a real wreck cast by the shore, as a warning sign of those dangers to which every public man is exposed, when corrupted by higher favours and neglects his duties to the people who entrusted him with responsibilities of national importance.

This incident, which I hope will never occur again, and many other minor opportunities, in which I had a part to play, during that fateful Queen Olga's attempt to adulterate the beautiful and pure Attic Greek language, gave me the exceptional privilege to study all the works of the political machinery in Greece. I have seen the drama enacted behind the scenes. It is a dreadful drama that could break the neck of the strongest long-suffering. The awful drama that is enacted in Greece at the expenses of the people is a long, very long story; perhaps it has its beginning with the reign of King George and Queen Olga, I will not say, but the people of Greece, the poorest people of Europe, are contented and well pleased that they have a King who is a great diplomat, and he is one of the richest Kings in Europe, and their Queen, Olga, they believe (the ignorant do) that she is a saintly woman (as all the Russian saints are), and this ignorant Greek people, they simply feel glad to leave their homes and their children and go into war, like sheep into the butcher's shop, sacrifice their lives, thus destroying their homes and the hopes of their loved ones, every time King George calls them to arms to fight against the Turks. And King George has always a great patriotic cause to fight the Turks. And the Greeks could not appreciate more highly a privilege than to fight and die for the deliverance of their brethren in Crete and for the salvation of the unfortunate Christians in Macedonia.

Yet, for half a century, in fact, since King George

came to Greece, there are hundreds of thousands of the best Greek patriots that have been killed, slain, or assassinated, and nearly a billion drachmas national debt, hanging upon the neck of every Greek, like the Damoclean sword, but there is no deliverance for the Cretans, and there is no salvation for the Macedonians, instead there are the traps strategically placed across the Greek borders, so, every time the Greek patriots, in answer to the call of their King, are sent to render a helping hand to the sufferers, they cross the border, only to find, but too late, that they have been trapped, under the sword of the enemy, the Turk; or they are left at the mercy of their assassins, the Bulgars. This drama is going on repeatedly with great success, and to the amusement of the observing great powers of Europe.

Occasionally there is some crippling of the territory already belonging to the possessions of Greece, because the places are of some strategical importance, and this reason is enough, that they should be taken away from the Greeks. And there is a financial commission appointed by the great powers, because King George is a great diplomat and he wants to be sure that his allowance is coming to him increasingly, every year, from the coffers of the Greek treasury, while the international commission should count every penny that the Greek expends in bread for his children.

In the evolution of events, I believe, that there is a time coming, when the Greek people shall rise, from the lethargy, in which they unnaturally are

slumbering, for a long time, and they shall awake and break every fetter, and shake off their feet every chain, and their eyes shall be opened and they shall see things that will horrify them as a nation; then shall they know the persons responsible for their sufferings and for the sufferings of the Cretans and Macedonians and why Carditses was beheaded in a dungeon, without giving him the privilege of free citizenship, to prove his reason or his sanity, without any chance to protect his life; and where and by whom that plot was framed up, just to turn the tide of public anger against a royal gang, thus causing the destruction of two beautiful Greek girls, that left alone in the world to suffer from consumption, in agony, to die with the stigma as sisters of a would-be royal assassin. It was my privilege to take care of these two unfortunate sisters, both suffering, and the story of these two girls and the uprising of the Greek people against the adulteration of their language by Queen Olga, settled my determination to fight for the rights of my own people and my beloved country. But, the time for the Greek people to stand up and walk on their own feet, shall come when the prophecy of the great patriot Adamantios Korais, is no more prophecy, but in reality the Greek people will be regenerated in Christ, and there and then shall be a great Greek nation, not only within the boundaries of the feudatory of King George, but within the bounds of love that unites all the millions of people that speak the historical Attic Greek language, and a great Greek nation shall attract the

attention of all the civilized world, once more as in the days of old.

I know the dangers in which I am exposed for the step I have taken, because, I know the character and the principles of the Greek people, perhaps, as well as any living Greek, the demagogues, the priests, the church, and the drones and parasites of the royal gang, they each and every one and all together are going to use all their power and money that is at their disposal, and with no regards as to the honesty of means they shall move earth and hell to quench this movement for the regeneration of the Greek people, but having all my trust upon the Almighty and Omnipotent God, in the name of His Son Jesus Christ, Who died that all men may be happy, and in the right Spirit of love to God and to my fellow men, I dare launch the Greek-American-Christian-Association.

Every Greek of reputable character, and all the lovers of the Greek ancient and modern history, are eligible to membership. It is my purpose to endeavor by all the Christian means to bring the Greek and American people into a mutual, intellectual and intelligent understanding. It has been my experience in studying conditions for the last six years, that the Greeks in the United States know very little or nothing of the American history, government, political, social, customs and habits of the American people, which, also, unfortunate as it may appear, yet it is the truth, that only a very limited number of Americans whom I have found all over the United

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States, are well informed of the doings in Greece, and still fewer well acquainted and unprejudiced as to the historical and classical importance of the Greek nation.

It is estimated that there are about 300,000 Greek people in the United States, representing the 12,000,000 of Greek-speaking people that is the Greek nation extended all around the Mediterranean countries.

When it is considered that the vast majority of the Greeks in the United States, has never had any opportunity to attend a Christian meeting, or hear the Gospel preached in their own language, it is to their credit that, with all the temptations and the ambiguous associations which the laboring class is often in contact with they have not been worse than they are; it is an indication that the primitive and strong character of the Greek seldom yields to temptation; they hold fast to their historical energy and honesty.

There has never been an attempt of any importance, neither has there ever been any organized effort, for the regeneration of the Greek people, and while the Home and Foreign Missions of America for the last 25 years have given the best of their spiritual leaders for the conversion of the Zulu and the Mogul and millions of American dollars have been expended, with insignificant returns, in trying vainly to make real Christians out of a barbarous and semi-human race of people, and trying to civilize the jungles of Africa, the most urgent duty has

been neglected, and some spasmodical efforts that have been put forth by the zeal of earnest individuals, were soon exhausted, and failed, not only for lack of financial support, but, the worst, by spiritual discouragements, and today a noble and the most historical race of peoples, the Greeks, are drifting in despair, away from God, politically perishing, blind, and ignorant priests, and political demagogues leading them fast into the ditch.

The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; who will help us to garner in? HELP! is the cry, the most earnest cry, that was ever uttered from the lips and from the heart of a sincere Christian worker.

In organizing the Greek-Amerikan-Christian-Association, all the latest and most effective, spiritual and industrial methods will be employed.

It is hoped that the organization will be incorporated under the laws of the United States, as soon as there are members sufficient in number to assemble in their first meeting and vote the Constitution and the By-Laws of the Association.

Much consideration will be given to the methods of the Y. M. C. A., and Y. W. C. A. This two-fold Institution, which in the opinion of Christian leaders, and the most distinguished sociologists, of the present time, is the very best agency to approach all nations, and spread civilization, well established upon the fundamental principles of Christianity.

For the last few months in my struggle trying to establish the Greek-Amerikan-Christian-Associa-

tion and at the same time keep my soul and body together providing a lean livelihood by selling this book, I can truthfully say that I had more experiences than in all my life before. One clergyman of the high Episcopal church in the most fashionable Back Bay, Boston, offered to grant me the use of his church any time I wanted to offer the mass as high priest according to the ritual of the Greek Orthodox Church, if I would only "break off all relations with Protestant bodies here in America." I have a letter from this clergyman which is the most astounding fact of his inconsistency, because he himself is an active member of the Bible Club, a purely Protestant organization: he invited me to one of their meetings, but he would not purchase my book to help me to my bread and butter. Another clergyman, a member of the executive committee of City Missions, Boston, would not purchase my book, unless I offered myself to be employed by them at a certain salary, and he gave me his card introducing me to chairman of that organization:

Last winter I began to preach to the Greeks at Kneeland street, Boston, in the open air, and when I went to see the police captain of that district he promised to co-operate with me and gave me his consent to go on with my work, but the following Sunday his Lieutenant came up to me, while I was preaching on the street, he stopped me, on the pretense, that he was informed of a plot among the Greeks to take my life. And when I made my complaints to the General Secretary of New Eng-

land Missions, he told me that I should have known that Boston is a Catholic town, and that the police being informed that I was an ex-priest, they simply would not tolerate me. Horror stricken by this statement I went to see the captain myself, and the very same man who promised co-operation, only a few days hence, he stood up in front of my face and in a savage manner told me that he would not tolerate me to preach on the streets of Boston.

The names of all concerned are in my possession and open to investigation by the general public. But I will omit them here for reasons well understood.

A number of other discouraging instances, only worked together to deeper impress upon my heart the importance and the excellency of my high calling. Sooner or later, in the inevitable law of evolution and universal progress, the Greek nation must be regenerated in spirit and in truth: and I believe that it is not only a case of courtesy, but, there is a sense of duty for every true American man and woman to co-operate in the uplifting of all mankind. As for me I fully appreciate the privilege to suffer for the benefit of my fellow men, and I can hopefully repeat Tennyson's immortal words:

Once in a golden hour
 I cast to earth a seed,
 Up then came a flower,
 The people said, a weed.

To and fro they went
 Thro' my garden bower,

And muttering discontent
Cursed me and my flower.

Then it grew so tall,
It wore a crown of light,
But thieves from o'er the wall
Stole the seed by night.

Sow'd it far and wide,
By every town and tower,
Till all the people cried,
"Splendid is the flower:"

Read my little fable,
He that runs may read:
Most can raise the flower now,
For all have got the seed.

Conclusion

Allow me, dear reader, to say in closing, that it is my sincere opinion that in view of the reasonings and facts presented in the preceding pages, every individual who reads this Book intelligently, and who is in possession of a sound and unprejudiced reason, will come to the conclusion that there is only one religion worth having, and that is the religion by Jesus, of Jesus, for Jesus; which is the revelation of the Bible, Divinely adapted to produce the greatest present and eternal spiritual good to the human family. And if anyone should doubt His power (which, in view of its adaptations and its effects as herein developed, would involve the absurdity of doubting whether an intelligent design had an intelligent designer), still, be the origin of the Gospel of Jesus where it may, in heaven, earth, or hell, the demonstration is conclusive that it is the only religion possible for man, in order to perfect his nature, and restore his lapsed powers to harmony and holiness, which is the only avenue to usefulness and happiness.

THE END

